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Half a Rogue

by HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

"Shall we?" cried Warrington, mischief in his eyes.

"Yes." There was no fear in this girl.

On they went, in a cloud of dust. The Italians made for the ditches, but the boss stood in the road and waved his arms in warning. Presently he, too, ducked.

Hep! and over the pair went, landing clean and sound on the other side of the barrier. Before the surprised boss could express himself, they were far down the road. A curse was hurled after them, but they heard it not. They hadn't hurt the road at all, but the authority of the boss had suffered. He knew the girl, little snob! He would find out who the man was, soon enough. And if he had any influence in the city hall, as he believed he had, he would make it tolerably warm for yonder vanishing parties.

He had put up that barrier to signify that the road was closed; very well, they'd see. Dirt under their feet, huh? All right. How he hated them all, with their horses and carriages and dances and dinners and clubs! Bah! He took a flask from his pocket and drank. Then he cursed the laggard Italians, and mourned that a year and a half must pass before he could sell their votes again. Bolles contracted for Italian labor and controlled something more than 800 votes. McQuade sublet various small contracts to him, and in return used the Italians during elections.

That jump, harmless enough in itself, was to prove a bad inspiration on Warrington's part. But it is always these seemingly inconsequent things that bear the heaviest reckoning.

Half a mile onward they drew down to a walk, flushed and breathless.

"Perhaps we oughtn't to have done that," she said doubtfully, working the numbness from her fingers. "No thoroughfare" had hitherto been religiously respected by her! this was her first transgression, and she wasn't entirely satisfied with herself.

"Pshaw! There's no harm done. There was no earthly reason why we should have turned back to the fork and added two miles to our ride. Don't let anything like that worry you; we went by too fast to be recognized. Look! here's a big clover patch. I never pass clover without wanting to get down and hunt for four leaves. Shall we?"

She was out of the saddle before the query had left his lips.

"I believe it would be a good idea to arm ourselves against bad luck," she replied, gently moving aside the clever heads with her crop.

"You believe in four-leaf clover, then?"

She nodded.

"I do. I am also very careful," he added, "to catch the money patches on my coffee."

She laughed. After all, there was something old-fashioned about this man. "And I never think of plucking a five-leaf. That's bad luck."

"The worst kind of bad luck. I remember, when I was a kid, I never played hooky without first hunting up my four-leaved amulet. If I got a licking when I returned home, why, I consoled myself with the thought that it might have been ten times worse but for the four-leaf."

They moved about, looking here and there, while the horses buried their noses in the wet grass and threatened never to return to the road again After a diligent search Patty found a beautiful four-leaf clover. She exhibited it in triumph.

"You've better luck than I," said Warrington. "We shall have to go on without my finding one."

"You may have this one," she replied; "and I hope it will bring you all sorts of good luck."

He took out his card-case and made room for the little amulet.

"It is impossible not to be fortunate now," he said, with a gravity that was not assumed.

She looked at him dubiously. No, there was no laughter in his eyes; he was perfectly serious.

They walked the horses over a small hill, then mounted. It was a very pleasant morning for Warrington. It had been years since he had talked to a young woman who was witty and unworldly. He had to readjust himself. He had written down that all witty women were worldly, but that all worldly women were not witty. But to be witty and unsophisticated was altogether out of his calculations.

At the Country club they stabled the horses and wandered about the golf links. Luncheon was served on the verandah; and presently Warrington found himself confiding in this young girl as if he had known her intimately all his life. This girl felt a thrill of exultation. It flattered her young vanity to hear this celebrity telling her about his ambitions.

"Everything becomes monotonous after a while," he said. "And I have just begun to grow weary of living alone. Day after day, the same faces, the same places, the same arguments, the same work. I've grown tired. I want to live like other human beings. Monotony leads very quickly into folly, and I confess to many acts of folly. And no folly is absolutely harmless." He stirred his tea and stared into the cup.

"Why, I should think you ought to be the most contented of men," she cried. "You are famous, wealthy, courted. And when you return to Herculaneum, every girl in town will set her cap for you. I warn you of this, because I've taken a friendly interest in you."

"It is very kind of you. Come," he said, draining his cup; "surely you tell fortunes in tea cups; tell mine."

"Four-leaf clovers and tea-grounds," she mused. "You strike me as being a very superstitious young man."

"I am."

She passed the cup back to him. "Pour a little fresh tea in, spill it gently, turn the cup against the saucer and twirl it three times. That's the incantation."

He followed the directions carefully and she extended her hand for the cup.

"There is always a woman in a man's tea cup," she began. "There are two in this one."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes. Do you see that?" pointing to a cluster of leaves.

"Looks like a camel. Am I going to be thirsty?"

"That always indicates scandal," she declared soberly.

"Scandal?" He smiled skeptically.

"Scandal and disappointment. But happily these do not appear as having permanency."

"Thanks," piously. "Disappointment has always been my portion. But scandal has never lifted her ugly head."

"We are all far-sighted when scandal is in our immediate vicinity. This cup says scandal. There is plenty of money about you. See that? That means an enemy, strong, implacable. Disappointment and scandal are in his zone, which means he will probably be the cause of all your trouble. Have you an enemy?"

"None that I know of, save myself. But don't you think something is the matter with the tea? It seems impossible that those are harmless grounds. . . . Why, I shan't sleep o' nights after this."

"You are laughing. Yet, this man is there. And here is a lie, too. It's a very bad cup, Mr. Warrington. I'm sorry."

"So am I," gaily. "By the way, when do you and your mother start for New York?"

"We leave tonight."

"Good. Do you mind if I take the same train down?"

"Mother and I'll be glad to have you with us."

The servant cleared the table, and Warrington lighted a cigar. A trolley car rolled up in front of the club and several golf enthusiasts alighted. They knew Patty and bowed; they weren't quite certain who her escort was.

At 2 o'clock they began the journey home. There wasn't much loitering by the way. Patty had a tea; she must have time to rest and dress. All told, it was an enjoyable day for Warrington. More than ever he set his face against the great city and looked with satisfaction on the hills of his childhood. It would be a pleasant pastime to sit on Patty's verandah and talk, become and act like one of the young people. He was growing old; his youth must be renewed soon; or he would lose it utterly. This young man had been surfeited with noise and light, with the sham and glitter of hotels, clubs and restaurants. He was not to the manner born; thus he could easily see how palpably false is life in a great city. To those who have lived in the abnormal glamour of city life, absolute quiet is a kind of new excitement.

Warrington found that he was a bit stiff from the long ride.

Patty, however, rode nearly every day, so she was but slightly fatigued. Nevertheless, she was conscious of not wanting to dress for the tea. But there was a very good reason why she must attend the function (as applied by the society reporter); they would naturally discuss her brother's coming marriage, but if she was present, the discussion would not rise above whispers. She wanted to meet the old busybodies in the open; she wasn't afraid. As she dressed, she caught herself approaching the window and watching the clouds, or thoughtfully studying her face in the mirror, or patting the rug impatiently, or sighing. She shook herself vehemently, and went resolutely about the intricate business known as toilet.

"I simply can't believe it. I know he isn't that kind of man. This can't be such a wicked world. But if she dares to make John unhappy, I shall hate her. Why must we hear these things that make us doubt and ponder and hesitate?"

At the tea the ladies greeted her sympathetically. Sympathy! Hypocrites! Heads came together; she could see them from the corner of her eyes. She saw Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene, like a vast ship of the line, maneuvering toward her. There were several escapes, but Patty stood her ground.

"You are looking charming, my dear," said Mrs. Haldene.

"Thank you."

"You go to the wedding, of course."

"Yes; mother and I leave tonight for New York. I am so excited over it. To think of John's being married to a celebrity!"

Patty was excited, but this excitement did not find its origin in anything exultant. It was on the tip of her tongue to tell Mrs. Franklyn-Haldene to mind her own business. There was something primitive in Patty. Her second thoughts were due to cultivation, and not from any inherent caution.

Mrs. Haldene smiled and went on. It was a wonderful smile; it never changed; it served for all emotions, anger, hate, love, envy and malice. Mrs. Haldene never flew into passions or ecstasies. She was indeed preserved; and from the puckering taste she left in her wake, it might be suspected that she was pickled.

Before Patty arrived, two things had been fully discussed: the Bennington wedding and the report that Warrington was coming home to live. Shrugs, knowing glances, hypocritical resignation. Too bad, too bad! Warrington was coming home to live; young Mrs. Bennington would live across the street. When two and two make four, what more need be said?

But Patty had her friends, and they stood by her loyally.

* * * * * * *

New York. Clamor, clamor; noise, noise; the calling of cabmen, the clanging of street cars, the rumbling of the carts; shouting, pushing, hurrying, rushing, digging, streaming, pell-mell; the smell of coal gas, of food cooking, of good and bad tobacco, of wet pavements, of plaster; riches and poverty jostling; romance and reality at war; monoliths of stone and iron; shops, shops; signs, signs; hotels; the tower of Babel; all the nations of the world shouldering one another; Jews and Gentiles, Christians and Turks; jumble, jumble. This is New York. There is nothing American about it; there is nothing English, French, German, Latin or Oriental about it. It is cosmopolitan; that is to say, it represents everything and nothing.

Warrington, Patty and her mother alighted from the train in the gloomy, smoky cavern called the Grand Central station and walked toward the gates. There was sunshine outside, but it was scarcely noticeable through the blackened canopy overhead.

"There's John!" cried Patty, seizing her mother's arm. "And Miss Challoner, too!"

A moment later the son was holding his mother in a fond embrace. Mrs. Bennington gave the actress her hand, who ignored it, put her arms around the mother and kissed her. There was not the slightest affectation in the act; it was done naturally and sweetly. Mrs. Bennington was well pleased. But Patty, Miss Challonger hugged Patty and whispered: "My sister!" If Patty had any doubts, they disappeared like summer mists in sunshine.

"I'm a rank outsider," Warrington grumbled.

"Surely you did not expect to be kissed!" Patty retorted.

"A man never gives up hoping. Well, Benedick," to John, "I suppose you've a nice breakfast waiting for us somewhere."

"That I have!" John thwacked Warrington on the shoulder. "It was good of you to come down with the folks."

"No trouble at all."

They all followed John, who announced that he had a carriage waiting, large enough to carry them all comfortably. As they crossed over to the street exit Warrington covertly glanced at Miss Challoner. She was radiant; there was color on her cheeks and lips; she was happy. Heigh-ho! Warrington sighed. She was gone, as completely as though she had died. He grew angry at the heaviness of his heart. Was he always to love no one but Warrington? It is fine to be a bachelor when one is young; but when the years multiply, when there are no new junkets and old ones grow stale, when scenes change, when friends drop out one by one, when a younger generation usurps the primrose path of dalliance, ah! the world becomes a dreary place. The old bachelor is the loneliest and most pathetic of men.

Once inside the carriage, the women began a light, friendly chatter; smiles and laughter; little jests about benedicts, about the servant question, about coming home late o' nights; antenuptial persiflage. There was little that was spontaneous; each jest was an effort; but it sufficed to relieve what might have been awkward silence.

"It's up to you, now, Dick," said John. "Think of the good times we four could have together!"

"And who'd marry an old man like me?" asked Warrington plaintively.

"Bosh!" said John.

"Nonsense!" said Patty.

"You are a young man," said the mother.

"There are plenty setting their caps for you, if you but knew it," said Miss Challoner.

"Aha! I smell a conspiracy!" laughed Warrington. "You are putting your heads together to get me off your hands."

The breakfast awaited them at Bennington's hotel. This passed off smoothly. Then Warrington excused himself. He had a business engagement down town. It was arranged, however, that they were to be his guests that evening at dinner and a box-party at the summer opera. On Wednesday, at 10, they were to breakfast in his apartment. From his rooms they would go straight to the parson's, the "Little Church Around the Corner."

When Warrington had gone, John turned to his sister.

"Isn't he the finest chap?"

"He isn't to be compared with you," Patty answered.

"Nobody is," said Miss Challoner.

John colored with pleasure.

"Mr. Warrington is a thorough gentleman, and I like him very much," said Mrs. Bennington. "I have heard things about him; I can see that there has been some exaggeration. I shall be very glad to have him for a neighbor."

"A neighbor?" said Miss Challoner.

"Yes. He is coming back to Herculaneum to live."

"That is news to me." The actress stirred her coffee and smiled at Patty. "I understand you've been riding together. He is really a splendid horseman."

"He has the dearest old dog," replied Patty.

The day passed quickly for all concerned; the dinner and box party left nothing to be desired.

The wedding breakfast would have provoked envy in the heart of Lucullus; for Warrington was a man of the world, thoroughly polished; there was nothing Stoic about him (though, in the early days he had been a disciple of this cult perforce); he was a thorough epicure.

Patty was delighted. Warrington guided her about the rooms on a tour of inspection. He pointed out all the curios and told the history of each. But the desk was the article which interested her most.

"And this is where you write? Upon this desk plays have grown up? Won't you give me a single sheet of manuscript to take home with me?"

"I certainly shall."

He pulled out a drawer and found some old manuscript. He selected a sheet, signed it, and give it to her.

"I am rich!" the girl exclaimed. "Signed manuscript from a real live author! I suppose that you receive tons of letters, some praising, some arguing, some from mere autograph fiends."

"It's a part of the day's work." His face brightened. He searched his pockets. "Here is one out of the ordinary. It is unsigned, so I feel no qualms of conscience in letting you read it."

Patty took the envelope with suppressed eagerness. She drew out the letter and read it slowly.

"Do you receive many like that?" she asked, folding the letter and returning it.

"Very few; that's why I treasure it. I should like to meet the writer; but that's impossible. I have read and reread it fifty times."

"Evidently it was written in good faith." Patty was not very enthusiastic.

"There's not the least doubt of that. I am glad of one thing; I can't disillusion her."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, this young woman thinks I must be a paragon of virtues. I'm not. I'm a miserable impostor. She takes it for granted that I am good, and kind, and wise."

"Aren't you?" asked Patty, gravely.

"As men go. I always try to be kind; sometimes I am good, and sometimes I am wise."

"I'm afraid you are one of those young men who try to be bad and can't. They are hopeless."

Warrington laughed.

"But I am superstitious about that letter. I've carried it in my pockets for weeks. It's a kind of mentor. Whenever some fool thing comes into my head, I stop and think of the letter."

"That is good. The writer hasn't wasted her time."

"I love you!" whispered John.

Miss Challoner smiled into his eyes. The smile encouraged him, and he raised her hand to his lips.

Ah, if it were not for those gloves! Why did he not say something? She was positive that he had them. To smile and laugh and talk; to face the altar, knowing that he possessed those hateful gloves! To pretend to deceive when she knew that he was not deceived! It was maddening. It was not possible that Warrington had the gloves; he would never have kept them all this while. What meant this man at her side? What was he going to do? She recollected a play in which there was a pair of gloves. The man had thrown them at the woman's feet, and, at the very altar, turned and left her. But she knew that men did not do such things in life. She was innocent of any wrong; this knowledge sustained her.

"A honeymoon in Switzerland; it has been the dream of my life." This time he drew her arm through his and crossed the room to his mother's side. "Mother mine, we shall be gone only three months; then we shall come home to stay."

"I shall miss you so; you have been away so much that I am hardly acquainted with you."

The woman who was to become her daughter suddenly dropped on her knees beside the chair.

"Please love me, too. I have been so lonely all my life."

"My daughter!" Mrs. Bennington laid her hand on the splendid head.

"I shall never marry," said Patty decidedly.

"What? Young lady, don't let any one hear you make such a remark. One of these fine days somebody will swoop you up and run off with you. I don't know but that I could play the part fairly well," Warrington laughed.

"Indeed! You'd have a time of it."

"I dare say. But there's the breakfast waiting."

At the church the women cried a little. Women cry when they are happy, they cry when they are not; their tears keep a man guessing year in and year out. But this is no place for a dissertation on tears. There's time enough for that.

The bride and groom left immediately for Boston, from which city they were to sail for Europe the following day. In the carriage John drew his bride close to his heart.

"Mine!" he said, kissing her. "God grant that I may make you happy, girl."

"John, you are the finest gentleman in the world."

His hand stole into his coat pocket and gently dropped something into her lap. She looked down and saw through her tears a crumpled pair of white kid gloves. Then she knew what manner of man was this at her side.

"It was not because I doubted you," he said, softly, "it was because they were yours."

(To Be Continued.)

When He Went Away.

"I take it," he said to the man who got on the depot car with with a suit case, "that you are going to the country."

"I am, sir," was the stiff reply.

"You have everything with you you will need?"

"Of course."

"Shirts, socks and toothbrush?"

"Certainly."

"Night-shirt, toilet soap and handkerchief?"

"Do you think me a child, sir?" was asked.

"Of course not, but men are so absent-minded, you see. Did you put in an extra pair of cuffs?"

"I did, sir. You and others may be careless, but I want you to know that I'm not. I have been three days packing this suit case."

"Um. You might need a needle and thread."

"I have them."

"And some buttons."

"They are here."

"But there must have been something forgotten," persisted the other.

"Nothing whatever," was the decided answer.

"For instance, your key. You have it, have you?"

The man sprang up and began feeling in his pockets and looking around, says the Washington Herald, and after a moment called out:

"Here—somebody stop this old car! I've left the key to my suit case on the mantel at home!"

Valuable Aids to North Pole Discoverer

ESKIMO DOGS

ESKIMO BELLES

DR. COOK'S THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE

Brave Explorer Writes Details of Expedition's Organization and Its Advance into the Glaciers of the Frozen North.

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BY DR. FREDERICK A. COOK

Herald Bureau, No. 49 Avenue L'Opera, Paris, Sept. 15.—The expedition was equipped at Gloucester, Mass. All was ready on the evening of July 3, 1907. Ashore, boys were testing their fireworks for the morrow of celebration, but aboard, as our vessel, the John R. Bradley, withdrew from the pier, all was quiet. There were no visiting crowds of curiosity seekers, no tooting of whistles signaled our departure.

An Arctic expedition had been born without the usual public bombast. There was, indeed, no excuse for clamor. Neither the head of the government nor the contributions of a private individual had been sought. The project was quietly given life and its expenses were paid by John R. Bradley. Its destiny was shaped by the writer.

Mr. Bradley was interested in the game animals of the north. I was interested in the game of the polar quest. For the time being the business concerned us only. If the venture proved successful there would be time enough to raise the banner of victory. It it failed none had the privilege of heaping upon us the unmerited abuse which usually comes to the returning polar traveler.

Expedition Heads Northward.

As we headed for the boreal wilds and plowed with satisfying force the chilled northern waters, there was time to re-examine the equipment and review prospective contingencies of the campaign. In a brief month all had been prepared for the peculiar mission. We had purchased a small Gloucester fishing schooner, fitted with a motor, covered for ice and loaded down with suitable supplies for a prolonged period.

One morning the bold cliffs of Cape York were dimly outlined in the gray mist which screened the land. A storm had carried so much ice against the coast that a near approach was impossible, and the cold winds kept up a sea which made it equally a difficulty to land on the ice.

Though anxious to meet the natives at Cape York, we were forced to turn and set a course for the next village at North Star Bay. At noon the sooty clouds separated, and in the north, through the narrow breaks we saw the steep slopes and warm color of crimson cliffs resting on the rising water.

Darting through the air were countless guillemots, gulls, little auks and eider ducks. We were in the ice free waters, where creatures of the sea find a marine oasis in the midst of a polar desert.

The coast was about 2,000 feet high, evidently the remains of an old tableland, which extends a considerable distance northward.

Here and there were short glaciers, which had cut down the cliffs in their effort to push to the sea level.

Petowik Glacier Sighted.

Beyond the long, straight line of red cliffs, a conical rock, the navigator's sign post, rose from the deep. Soon the long ice wall of Petowik glacier arose, and beyond, to the eastward, we perceived the waving white of the overland sea of ice, which submerges the interior of all Greenland.

This kind of coast extends poleward to the land's end. It is the abundant sea life which hakes human habitation just possible here, though land animals are also important. The people of the farthest north are crowded into a natural reservation by the Arctic ice wall of Melville Bay, in the south, and the stupendous line of cliffs of Humboldt glacier in the north.

This coast extends over but three degrees of latitude, but with its many bays and the great fords of Wolstenholme Sound and Inglefield Gulf, the sea line is drawn to about 4,000 miles.

Widely scattered in small villages the northernmost Eskimo finds here a good living. A narrow band of rocky land between the land ice and the sea offers grasses, upon which feed ptarmigan, hare and caribou.

Home of the Eskimos.

Numerous cliffs and island afford a resting place in summer for myriads of marine birds that seek the small life of the icy waters. Blue and white fox wander everywhere. Seal, walrus, narwhale and white whale sport in the summer sun, while the bear, king of the polar wilds, roams over the sea at all times.

Seeking abundant game, this little tribe of most primitive man does not feel his hopeless isolation.

The yacht dodged the icebergs and dangerous rocks in the fog about Cape Athol, then turned eastward to cross Wolstenholme Sound.

As we neared the Table Mountain, which guards North Star Bay, many natives came out in kyaks to meet us. Some were recognized as old friends. There was Myah, he of many wives, and Oobloiah, who had executed Angodgibsh, styled the villain by Gibson at Red Cliffs House, and Pincoola, husband of the queen, in whose family are to be found the only hybrid children of the tribe.

Later, Knud Rasmussen, a Danish writer, living as a native among the people, came aboard. With him we got better acquainted during the winter. Our engines were disabled by a loose universal joint, so we lowered a launch and two dories to tow the yacht to a safe anchorage. At high tide the vessel was grounded, a propeller, which had been bent, was straightened, and the universal joint put to rights.

In the meantime the launch was kept rushing to and fro, with Mr Bradley and the writer as passengers On the shore the harpoon gun was tried, and around the bay waters we bagged a number of elder duck.

Eskimo Town Visited.

Late at night a visit was made to the town of Oomanooi. There were seven triangular sealskin tents, conveniently placed on picturesque rocks. Gathered about these, in large numbers, were men, women and children, shivering in the midnight chill.

They were odd looking specimens of humanity. In height the men averaged about five feet two inches and the women four feet ten inches. All had broad, fat faces, heavy trunks and well rounded limbs. Their skins was slightly bronzed. Men and women had coal black hair and brown eyes. The nose was short, and the hands and feet were short but thick.

A genial woman was found at every tent opening, ready to receive the visitors in due form. We entered and had a short chat with each family.

There was not much news to exchange. After we had gone over the list of marriages and deaths the luck of the chase became the topic of conversation.

It was a period of monogamy. Myah had exchanged a plurality of wives for a larger team of dogs, and there was but one other man in the tribe with two wives.

Women were rather scarce. Several marriageble men were forced to forego the advantages of married life because there were not enough wives for all. By mutual agreement several men had exchanged wives; in other cases women had chosen other partners, and the changes were made seemingly to the advantage of all, for no regrets were expressed.

With no law, no literature and no fixed custom to fasten the matrimonial bond these simple but intelligent people control their best interests with remarkable success.

There was an average of three fat, clever children for each family; the youngest, as a rule, resting in a pocket on the mother's back.

Dwellings of the Eskimos.

The tent had a raised platform upon which all slept. The edge of this made a seat, and on each side were placed stone lamps, in which blubber burned, with moss as a wick. Over this was a drying rack, and there was other furniture. The dress of furs gave the Eskimos a look of savage fierceness which their kindly faces and easy temperament did not warrant.

On board the yacht there had been busy days of barter. Furs and ivory had been gathered in heaps in exchange for guns, knives and needles. Every seaman, from cabin boy to captain, had suddenly got rich in the gamble of trade for prized blue fox skins and narwhal tusks.

The Eskimos were equally elated with their end of the bargain. For a beautiful fox skin, of less use to a native than a dog pelt, he has secured a pocket knife that would serve him half a lifetime.

A woman had exchanged her fur pants, worth a hundred dollars, for a red pocket handkerchief, with which she would decorate her head and igloo for years to come.

Another had given her bearskin mitts for needles, and conveyed the idea that she had the long end of the trade. A fat youth, with only a smile, displayed with glee two bright tin cups, one for himself and one for his prospective bride. All of this glitter had been received in exchange for an ordinary ivory horn worth $90.

The Yacht Again Afloat.

The midnight tide lifted the yacht on an even keel from her makeshift drydock on the beach, and she was pulled out into the bay and anchored for a few hours. Oomanooi was but one of six villages in which the tribe had divided its 250 people for the current season.

To study the people, to further encourage the game of barter, and to enjoy the rare sport of yacht and hunting in man's northernmost haunts, we prepared to visit as many villages as possible.

In the morning the anchor was raised and the yacht set sail to a light wind, headed for more northern villages. It was a gray day, with a quiet sea. The speed of the yacht was not fast enough to be exciting, so Mr. Bradley suggested lowering the launch for a crack at ducks, or a chase of walrus, or a drive at anything that happened to cut the waters.

The harpoon gun was taken, as it was hoped that a whale might come our way, but the gun proved unsatisfactory, and did not contribute much to our sport. We were able to run all around the yacht as she slowly sailed over Walstenholme Sound.

Ducks were secured in abundance. Seals were given a chase, but they were able to escape our craft. Nearing Saunders Island a herd of walrus was seen on a pan of drift ice far ahead of the yacht. The magneto was pushed, the carbureter opened, and out we rushed after the shouting beasts. Two with splendid tusks were obtained and two tons of meat blubber were turned over to our Eskimo allies.

The days of hunting proved quite strenuous, and in the evening we were glad to seek the comfort of our cosy cabins when roast eider duck had filled a large gap.

Among the Eskimo passengers pacing the deck was a widow, who, in tears, told us the story of her life, a story which offered a peep into the comedy and tragedy of Eskimo existence. She had arranged a den under a shelter of sealskins among the anchor chains. We had offered her a large bed, with straw in it, and a place between decks as a better nest for her brood of youngsters, but she refused, saying she preferred the open air on deck.

To my question as to how the world had used her, she buried her face in her hands and began to mutter to her two boys, the youngest just in pants. I knew her early history, so could understand her story without hearing all her words between sobs. She had come from American shores, and, as a foreign belle, her hand was sought early. At 13 Ikwa introduced her to a wedded life not strewn with blubber. He was cruel and not always truthful, a sin for which his brother, the angikok, or doctor, was without his consent put out of harm's way.

Two girls graced their home. One was now married. When the youngest was out of her hood Ikwa took the children and invited her to leave, saying that he had taken to wife Ahta, a plump maid and a good seamstress.

Manee had neither advantage, but she knew something of human nature, and soon found another husband, a good deal older, but better than the first. Their life was a hard one, for Nordingwah was not a good hunter, but their home was peaceable, quiet and happy. Two children enlivened it. Both were at her side on the yacht, a boy of 8, the only deaf and dumb Eskimo in all the land, and a thin, pale weakling of 3.

Both had been condemned by the Eskimo law of the survival of the

(Continued on Seventh Page.)

The Wild Geese

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN

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CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

James' light was traveling up the stairs, but the man himself had not reached the landing. She had just noted this when a door opened and Payton looked out. He saw her, and, still flushed with claret, he misunderstood her presence and her purpose. He stepped toward her.

"Thought so," he chuckled. "Still listening, eh? Why not listen at my door? Then it would be a pretty man and a pretty maid. But I've caught you." He shot out his arm and tried to draw her toward him. "There's no one to see, and the least you can do is to give me a kiss for a forfeit!"

The girl recoiled, outraged and angry. But, knowing her brother was at hand, and seeing in a flash what might happen in the event of a collision, she did so in silence, hoping to escape before he came upon them. Unfortunately Payton misread her silence and took her movement for a show of feigned modesty. With a movement as quick as hers, he grasped her roughly, dragged her toward him and kissed her.

She screamed then in sheer rage—screamed with such passion that Payton let her go and stepped back with an oath. As he did so he turned and the turn brought him face to face with James McMurrough.

The young man, tipsy and smarting with his wrongs, saw what was before his eyes—his sister in Payton's arms—but he saw something more. He saw the man who had thwarted him that day, and whom he had not at the time dared to beard. What he might have done had he been sober matters not. Drink and vindictiveness gave him more than the courage he needed, and, with a roar of anger he dashed the glass he was carrying—and its contents—into Payton's face.

The Englishman dropped where he was, and James stood over him, swearing, while the grease guttered from the tilted candle in his right hand. Flavia gasped, and, horrorstruck, clutched James' arm as he lifted the candlestick and made as if he would beat in the man's brains.

Fortunately a stronger hand than hers interfered. Asgill dragged the young man back. "Haven't you done enough?" he cried. "Would you murder the man, and his troopers in the house?"

"Ah, didn't you see, curse you, he——"

"I know, I know!" Asgill answered, hoarsely. "But not now! Not now! Let him rise if he can! Let him rise, I say! Payton!"

The moment James stood back the fallen man staggered to his feet, and though the blood was running down his face from a cut on the cheekbone, he showed that he was less hurt than startled. "You'll give me satisfaction for this!" he muttered. "You'll give me satisfaction for this," he repeated, between his teeth.

"Ah, by heaven, I will!" James McMurrough answered furiously. "And kill you, too!"

"At 8 tomorrow! Do you hear? At 8 tomorrow! Not an hour later!"

"I'll not keep you waiting," James retorted.

Flavia leaned almost fainting against her door. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her.

And Payton's livid, scowling, bleeding face was hate itself. "Behind the yews in the garden?" he said, disregarding her presence.

"Ah, I'll meet you there!" The McMurrough answered, pot-valiant. "And, more by token, order your coffin, for you'll need it!" Drink and rage left no place in his brain for fear.

"That will be seen—tomorrow," the Englishman answered, in a tone that chilled the girl's marrow. Then, with his kerchief pressed to his cheek to stanch the blood, he retreated to his room and slammed the door. They heard him turn the key in it.

Flavia found her voice. She looked at her brother. "Ah, heavens!" she cried. "Why did I open my door?"

James, still pot-valiant, returned her look. "Because you were a fool," he said. "But I'll spit him, never fear! Faith, and I'll spit him like a fowl!" In his turn he went on unsteady to his room, disappeared within it, and closed the door.

Flavia and Asgill remained together. Her eyes met his. "Ah, why did I open my door?" she cried. "Why did I?"

He had no comfort for her. He shook his head, but did not speak.

"He will kill him!" she said.

Asgill reflected in a heavy silence. "I will think what can be done," he muttered at last. "Do you go to bed."

"To bed?" she cried.

"There is naught to be done tonight," he answered, in a low tone. "If the troopers were not with him—but that is useless. And—his door is locked. Do you go to bed, and I will think what we can do."

"To save James?" She laid her hand on Asgill's arm, and he quivered. "Ah, you will save him!" She had forgotten her brother's treatment of her earlier in the day.

"If I can," he said slowly. His face was damp and very pale. "If I can," he repeated. "But it will not be easy to save him honorably."

"What do you mean?" she whispered.

"He'll save himself, I fancy. But his honor——"

"Ah!" The word came from her in a cry of pain.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Behind the Yews.

The passages were still gray and chill when one of the bedchamber doors opened and a face peeped out. The face was Flavia's. Presently the girl stepped forward—passed, scared by a board that creaked under her naked foot—then went on again. She reached one of the doors, and scratched on it with her nail.

No one answered the summons and she pushed the door open and went in. As she had feared, enlightened by Asgill's hint, she found James was awake and sitting up in his bed, his arms clasped about his knees. His eyes met hers as she entered, and in his eyes, and in his form, huddled together as in sheer physical pain, she read beyond all doubt fear. Why she had felt certain, courageous herself, that this was what she would find she

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did not know. But there it was, as she had foreseen it, through the long, restless, torturing hours.

James tried to utter the oath that, deceiving her, might rid him of her presence. But his nerves, shaken by his overnight drink, could not command his voice even for that. His eyes dropped in shame; the muttered, "What the plague will you be wanting at this hour?" was no more than a querulous whisper.

"I couldn't sleep," she said, avoiding his eyes.

"I, no more," he muttered. "Curse him! Curse you, too! Why were you getting in his way? You've as good as murdered me with your tricks and your poses!"

"Heaven forbid!" she exclaimed.

"Ah, you have!" he answered, rocking himself to and fro in his excitement. "If it were any one else, I'm as ready to fight as another! But he's killed four men, and he'll kill me! Oh, if I'd not come up at that minute! If I'd not come up at that minute!"

The picture of what he would have escaped had he mounted the stairs a minute later was too much for him. Not a thought did he give to what might have happened to her had he come on the scene later; but, with all his cowardly soul laid bare, he rocked himself to and fro in a paroxysm of self-pity.

Yet he did not suffer more severely under the lash of his own terrors than Flavia suffered—seeing him thus, the braggadocio stripped from him, and the poor, cringing creature displayed. If she had thought too much of her descent—and the more in proportion as fortune had straitened the line, and only in this corner of a downtrodden land was its greatness even a memory—she was chastened for it now! She could have wept tears of shame. And yet, so plain was the collapse of the man before her that she did not think of reproach, even had she found heart to chide him, knowing that her words might send him to his death.

All her thought was, could she hide the blot? Coul she, at any rate, so veil it that this insolent Englishman, this bully of the conquering race, might not perceive it? That were worth so much that her own life seemed a small price to pay for it.

But alas! she could not purchase it with her life. Only in fairy tales can the woman pass for the man and Doris receive in her tender bosom the thrust intended for the sterner breast. Then how could they shun at least open disgrace—open dishonor? For it needed but a glance at her brother's pallid face to assure her that, brought to the field, he would prove unequal even to the task of cloaking his fears.

She sickened at the thought, and her eyes grew hard. Was this the man in whom she had believed? And when he turned on his side and hid his face in the pillow and groaned she had small pity to spare for him. "Are you not well?" she asked.

"Can't you be seeing?" he answered fractiously; but for very shame he could not face her eyes. "Cannot you be seeing I am not fit to get up? See how my hand shakes!"

"What is to be done, then?"

He cursed Payton thrice in a fenzy of rage. He beat his pillow with his fist.

"That does no good," she said.

"I believe you want to kill me!" he complained with childish passion. "I believe you want to see me dead! Why can't you be managing your own affairs, without—without—heavens!" And then, in a dreadful voice, "I shall be dead tonight! And you care nothing!"

He hid unmanly tears on his pillow, while she looked at the wall, pale to the lips. Her worst misgivings had not pictured a thing so mean as this, a spirit so poor. And this was her brother, her idol, he to whom she had fondly looked to revive the glories of the race. Truly she had been blind.

She had spoken to Luke Asgill the night before, and he would help her, she believed. But for that she would have turned, as her thoughts did turn, to Colonel John. But he lay prostrate, and the O'Beirnes were out of the question; she could not tell them. Youth has no pity, makes no allowance, expects the utmost, and a hundred times they had heard James brag and brawl. And Uncle Ulick was away.

There remained only Luke Asgill. "If you are not well," she said, in the same hard voice, "shall I be telling Mr. Asgill? He may contrive something."

The man sweating in the bed leaped at the hope, as he would have leaped at any hope. Nor was he so upset by fear as not to reflect that, whatever Flavia asked Asgill would do. "Ah, tell him," he cried raising himself on his elbow. "Do you be telling him! He can make him—wait, may be."

At that moment she came nearly hating her brother. "I will send him to you," she said.

"No!" he cried anxiously. "No! Do you be telling him! Do you hear? I am not so well to see him."

She shivered seeing plainly the unmixed selfishness of the course he urged. But she had not the heart to answer him. She went from the room and, going back to her own chamber, she dressed. By this time the house was astir, the June sunshine was pouring with the songs of birds through the windows. She heard one of the O'Beirnes stumble downstairs. Next Asgill opened his door and passed down. In a twinkling she followed him, making a sign to him to go on, and led him into the open air. Nor when they were outside did she speak until she had put the courtyard between herself and the house.

For she would have hidden their shame from all if she could! Even to say what she had to say cost her in humiliation more than her brother had paid for aught in his selfish life. But it had to be said, and after a pause, and with eyes averted, "My brother is ill," she faltered. "He cannot meet—that man this morning. It is—as you feared. And—what can we do!"

In another case Luke Asgill would have blessed the chance that linked him with her, cast her on his help. He had guessed, before she opened her mouth, what she had to say—nay, for hours he had lain sleepless on his bed, anticipating it. He had been certain of the issue—he knew James McMurrough; and, being a man who loved Flavia indeed, but loved life also, he had foreseen, with the cold sweat on his brow, what he would be driven to do.

He made no haste to answer, therefore, and his tone, when he did answer, was dull and lifeless. "Is it ill he is?" he asked. "It's a bad morning to be ill and a meeting on hand."

She did not answer.

"Is he too bad to stand?" he continued. He made no attempt to hide his comprehension or his scorn.

"I don't say that," she faltered.

"Perhaps he told you," Asgill said—and there was nothing of the lover in his tone—"to speak to me!"

She nodded.

"It is I am to—put it off, I suppose."

"If it be possible," she cried. "Oh, if it be possible! Is it?"

He stood, thinking, with a gloomy face. From the first he had seen that there were two ways only of extricating The McMurrough. The one by a mild explanation, which would leave his honor in the mud. The other by an explanation after a different fashion, with the word "liar" ready to answer to the word "coward." But he who gave this last explanation must be willing to back the word with the deed, and stop cavilling with the sword point.

Now, Asgill knew the major's skill with the sword; none better. And under other circumstances the justice—cold, selfish, scheming—would have gone many a mile about before he entered upon a quarrel with him. None the less, love had drawn him to contemplate this very thing. For surely if he did this and lived, Flavia would smile on him. Surely, if he saved her brother's honor, she would be won. It was a forlorn, it was a desperate expedient. For no other advantage would Luke Asgill have faced the major's sword point. But, whatever he was, he loved. He loved! And for the face and form beside him, and for the quality of soul that shone from the girl's eyes, and made her what she was, and to him different from all other women, he had made up his mind to run the risk.

It went for something that he believed that Flavia, if he failed her, would go to Colonel Sullivan. If she did that, Asgill was sure that his own chance was at an end. This was his chance. It lay with him now, today, at this moment—to dare or to retire, to win her favor at the risk of his life, or to yield her to another. In the chill morning hour he had discovered that he must risk all or lose all; and he had decided.

"I will make it possible," he said slowly, questioning in his mind whether he dared make terms with her. "I will make it possible," he repeated, still more slowly, and with his eyes fixed on her face.

"If you could!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"I will!" he said, a sullen undertone in his voice. His eyes still dwelt darkly on her. "If he raises an objection, I will fight him—myself!"

She shrank from him. "Ah, but I can't ask that!" she cried, trembling. "It is that or nothing."

"That or"—

"There is no other way," he said. He spoke with the same ungraciousness; for try as he would, and though the habit and the education of a life cried to him to treat with her and make conditions, he could not; and he was enraged that he could not.

The more as her wet eyes, her quick, mounting color, told of her gratitude. In another moment she might have said a word fit to unlock his lips. And he would have spoken; and she would have pledged herself. But Fate, in the person of old Darby, intervened. Timely or untimely, the buther appeared in the distant doorway, cried "Hist!" and, by a backward gesture warned them of some approaching peril.

"I fear"—she began.

"Yes, go!" Asgill replied, almost roughly. "He is coming, and he must not find us together."

The garden gate had barely closed on her skirts before Payton issued from the courtyard. The Englishman paused an instant in the gateway, his sword under his arm and a handkerchief in his hand. Thence he looked up and down the road with an air of confidence that provoked Asgill beyond measure. The sun did not seem bright enough for him, nor the air scented to his liking. Hastily he approached the Irishman, who, affecting to be engaged within his own thoughts, had kept his distance.

"Is he ready?" he asked, with a sneer.

With an effort Asgill controlled himself. "He is not," he said.

"At his prayers, is he? Well, he'll need them."

"He is not to my knowledge," Asgill replied. "But he is ill."

Payton's face lightened with a joy not pleasant to see. "A coward!" he said coolly. "I am not surprised. Ill, is he? Ay, I know that illness. It's not the first time I've met it."

Asgill had no wish to precipitate a quarrel. Only in the last resort had he determined to fling off the mask. But at that word "coward," though he knew it to be well deserved, his temper, sapped by the knowledge that love was forcing him into a position which reason repudiated, gave way, and he spoke his true thoughts.

"What a bully you are, Payton," he said, in his slowest tone. "Sure, and you insult the man's sister in your drink"—

"What's that to you?"

"You insult the man's sister," Asgill persisted coolly, "and because he treats you like the tipsy creature you are, you'd kill him like a dog."

Payton turned white. "And you, too," he said, "if you say another word! What in heaven's name is amiss with you, man, this morning? Are you mad?"

"I'll not hear the word 'coward' used of the family I'll soon be one of," Asgill returned, speaking on the spur of the moment and wondering at himself the moment he had made the statement. "That's what I'm meaning. Do you see? And if you are for repeating the word, more by token, it'll be all the breakfast, you'll have, for I'll cram it down your ugly throat!"

Payton stared, divided between rage and astonishment. But the former was not slow to get the upper hand and "Enough said," he replied. "If you are willing to make it good, you'll be coming this way."

"Willingly," Asgill answered.

"I'll have one of my men for witness. Ay, that I will, I do not trust you, Mr. Asgill, and that's flat. Get you whom you please. In five minutes in the garden, then?"

Asgill nodded. The Englishman looked once more at him to make sure that he was sober; then he turned on his heel and went back through the courtyard. Asgill remained alone.

He had taken the step there was no retracing. He had cast the dice and the next few minutes would decide whether it was for life or death. The sunshine lost its warmth and grew pale, the hills lost their color and their beauty as he reflected that he might never see the one or the other again, might never return by that lakeside road by which he had come—as he remembered that all his plans for his aggrandizement, and they were many and clever, might end this day, this morning, this hour! It might well be, for the odds were great against him, that it was to this day that all his life had led up; that life by which men would, by and by, judge him, recalling this chicane and that extortion, thanking God that he was dead, or, perhaps, one here and there shrugging his shoulders in good natured regret.

"Faith, Mr. Asgill," cried a voice in his ear, "it's if you're ill, the Major's asking. And, by the power, it's not very well you're looking this day!"

Asgill eyed the interruptor—it was Morty O'Beirne—with a sternness which his pallor made more striking. "I am coming," he said. "I am going to fight him."

"The deuce you are!" the young man answered. "Now, are you meaning? This morning that ever is?"

"Ay, now. Where is—"

He stopped on the word and was silent. Instead, he looked across the courtyard in the direction of the house. If he might see her again. If he might speak to her. But, no. Yet—was it certain that she knew—that she understood? And if she understood, would she know that he had gone to the meeting well-nigh without hope, aware how large, how very large, were the odds against him?

"But, faith, and it's no jest fighting him, if the least bit in life what I've heard be true!" Morty said, a cloud on his face. He looked uncertainly from Asgill to the house and back. "Is it to be doing anything you want me?"

(To Be Continued.)

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. Wo do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will someone please give instructions as to how to feed and care for Belgian hares?—C., Thomasville, N. C.

Is there a remedy for a colt that jerks its hind legs as if it were stringhalted? At times when the legs jerk they crack in the upper joints. The colt is 16 months old and weighs 800 pounds.—W. Palestine, West Virginia.

I will feel grately to anybody who will give a recipe for making good grape wine. An early answer will be appreciated—R., Laporte, Ind.

Will some reader of the Farmstead tell me how I can keep beef from the butchering time through the summer?—M., Newmansville, Pa.

Have a young cow milking with her first calf. When the calf was about six months old she began giving bloody milk out of one tent. It kept getting worse until it is now half blood. There is no swelling, only a few lumps in the flesh of that part of her sack. The milk has a bad odor. The trouble began about six weeks ago. Will some Farmstead reader tell me the cause and give a remedy?—M., Dandridge, Tenn.

My cherry trees are dying. They bore heavily this season and now the gum runs out and a white mold forms on the branches. What is the matter?—M., St. Louis.

THE WONDERBERRY

One subscriber from Idaho writes the Farmstead for information in regard to the wonderberry. He says: "I have 100 plants and the berries are all ripening. I am afraid to use them, so many people tell me it is the nightshade." In reply to a former request for a recipe, Z., Dayton, Tenn., writes: "The best recipe for cooking wonderberries is to throw them away. They are unfit for anything. They are a species of nightshade."

In connection with the above the Farmstead prints the following from the Market Growers' Journal:

Mr. Luther Burbank and the Rural New Yorker are engaged in a sharp controversy over the identity of the wonderberry or sunberry, introduced as a novelty in 1909 by John Lewis Childs, and claimed to be one of Mr. Burbank's greatest productions, and an absolutely new plant of unique character. The wonderberry was introduced with a great flourish of trumpets and widely advertised as a valuable article of food, which any one might grow in abundance anywhere at practically no cost.

The controversy between Mr. Burbank and the Rural New Yorker at present is over an offer of $10,000 made by Mr. Burbank for proof that the wonderberry is the black nightshade, as has been claimed by some, or any other berry ever before known on this planet until he introduced it. In its issue of July 10 the Rural New Yorker publishes a letter from Mr. Burbank, in which he reiterates that the wonderberry is an absolutely new plant, and expresses the opinion that the verdict of the people in regard to it is the one that will be final. Letters from prominent authorities, among them Mr. L. C. Corbett, of the United States department of agriculture, are published, in which statements are made that the wonderberry is nothing more than Solanum Nigrum. Mr. Corbett says that he believes the wonderberry is simply a plant that has been on the market for a number of years under the name of "garden huckleberry."

It does not seem to us to matter materially whether the Rural New Yorker gets Mr. Burbank's money or not. The questions of importance are these:

1. Is the wonderberry a new and distinct plant?
2. If it is a new and distinct plant, has it any real value?

A reader from the state of Oklahoma who has 50 plants of wonderberry growing in his garden, and answers both these questions in the affirmative. He says the wonderberry is distinct from Solanum Nigrun, and that he considers it a valuable acquistion. On the other hand the Rural New Yorker publishes a letter from a reader in Mexico, who says he has seen the wonderberry is identical with Solanum Nigrun, and that it is identical with a wild plant that grows in his country. So it seems that if we are to depend upon the verdict of the people as to the wonderberry, there is quite a division of opinion among the mebers of the jury.

CASTOR OIL FOR WARTS

To remove warts from horses or from any other animal or person, apply castor oil two or three times a day. It beats anything I ever used.—Z., Columbia City, Ind.

TO KEEP PORK

Make a salt brine strong enough to carry an egg. Leave the hams and shoulders in it from three to five weeks, according to size. Hang up and smoke till nicely browned. Then rub dry, pulverized borax over each piece. Put each piece in a muslin sack made for the purpose. Hang away where it is not damp. It will stand a place quite warm better than a damp place. It will keep just as well without the sacks but as the granary is, as a rule, the best place the farmers have the sacks will keep off the dust. Sausage can be kept as good as fresh by stuffing. Then fry till brown. Put in cans while hot. Pour hot lard enough to partly fill the can. Then turn the can upside down till the lard is cold. This will make it perfectly airtight. Be sure to fry the sausage clear through. Use the common Mason jars.

If you cannot clean the casings hire some old Dutchman who can. Watch him about five minutes, then try it yourself. This is the way I learned. It has been such a convenience and economy in our living to be able to keep meat this way that I think it worth publishing. We are using pork kept in this way since last November.—M., Newmansville, Pa.

MANURE SCIENCE

The Maine station has issued a bulletin describing a feeding experiment. One part of the experiment, at least, is very interesting. It deals with the influence feed has on the fertilizing value of manure. Figuring the elements at what they would cost on the market, it was found that a ton of hay contains $4.40 worth of plant food elements. It is not stated what kind of hay was used, bupt the supposition is that it was mixed hay. Spring wheat bran, contains $11.80 worth, fall wheat bran, $9.60 worth of fertilizing elements to the ton. In this experiment no consideration was taken of the value the manure would possess as an improver of the humus content of the soil, which will be very considerable indeed.

This shows the reader that if he needs feeds for his cattle and at the same time it is necessary to pay some attention to the fertility of the soil, he should purchase those feeds which are most valuable as improvers of the manure voided by the stock. It was found that hay was richer in potash than any other element, containing more potash than both nitrogen and phosphoric acid. Spring wheat bran had nearly as much phosphoric acid as both nitrogen and potash. Cotton seed meal contained almost as much nitrogen as both phosphoric acid and potash. Hence, if the soil needs humus, and, perhaps, feed liberally of hay; if it needs phosphoric acid let bran enter largely into the ration; if it needs nitrogen, a great deal of cotton seed should be fed.

POULTRY LOSSES

If there were no greater percentage of losses in poultry raising than with other kinds of live stock, almost any person in the business could be come independently rich within a few years, says the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean and Farmer. The losses take off all the profits, and the poultryman who cannot keep down the losses to a very low level must soon go out of the business.

There is loss from beginning to end in the poultry business, and it is especially large in the beginning, or the hatching and raising of the birds. First, not all of the eggs will hatch. A part of the chicks which get very far the shell are crushed in the nest or die from some cause before they are old enough to eat. After they learn to eat death takes them away at a rapid rate through indigestion, dampness, lice and rats. When they have passed the baby chick period the mortality rate is much lower, yet not infrequently do the half-grown chickens disappear almost as fast as did the week-old chicks. At maturity chickens are about as hardy as other small animals, and losses among grown chicyens are not so great as to cause serious alarm.

Almost any person talking of going into the poultry-growing industry is called a chicken crank and soon becomes an object of ridicule or of pity. Yet some actually succeed with poultry, and these are the ones who know how to prevent losses among their birds.

If only the losses due to eggs not hatching and young chicks dying were considered there would not be serious cause for complaint, for there is not much investment in the egg or the chick at a week of age. If the egg does not hatch or the small chick refuses to live, only a few cents are lost, and good profits could be made on the eggs that do hatch and the chicks that survive the early brooding period.

But the losses which are heavily felt are those from the death or mysterious disappearance of half-grown chicks after they have consumed valuable time and shelter in their rearing. The loss of a chick at 8 weeks of age represents four or five times as much as the loss of an egg in the incubator or of a newly hatched chick.

It should be the careful aim of everyone engaged in growing poultry to secure fertile eggs for hatching to bring off a large hatch, and to keep alive and healthy a very large percentage of the young chicks till they have passed the infant period. But the attention toward keeping them alive and growing to maturity should be as close as that in hatching and the general care through babyhood. The saving of life here counts for more than at any other place. We are all inclined to give good care to new things, but a newness and the novelty wear off, to neglect them. The same human inclination holds good in the poultry business, with the consequence that we neglect the birds in midsummer and often suffer greater actual losses than at any other season. If our early chicks die, we can set more eggs and hatch more chicks, but if we lose half grown chicks in mid-summer, it is too late to hatch more, and the flock is so reduced in size that it is too small to warrant much personal attention.

LOSS OF NITROGEN

There are three ways in which the soil may lose nitrogen—first, through the crops which are grown on and removed from the soil; second, by escaping into the air in a free gaseous form, and third, leaching out through the soil in the drainage waters as nitrates. Experiments show that many times more nitrogen is lost in the last two named ways than through the crop. It is not so much that which is lost through the crops that depletes the soil as that which is lost through air and drainage waters.

The Minnesota station has shown by a recent experiment that 30 bushels of wheat per acre will remove something like 40 pounds of nitrogen. If the ground be kept in wheat for 12 years there will be an annual loss of about 95 pounds of this element through the drainage waters and air. For every pound that is taken from the soil to make the crop, more than two and one-fourth pounds are lost in the other ways named. It should be noted that this is true if the ground be kept in continuous cultivation to wheat.

When a rotation of crops is practiced in which clover is grown, live stock kept and manure used, the supply of nitrogen is maintained. There will be a certain amount of nitrogen lost through the air and drainage waters, in spite of all that can be done to prevent it, but this can be more than returned by the growth of the clover and the application of manue.

FARM POULTRY

We often hear some of our farmers say: "My poultry does not pay. I get very few eggs during the summer and none at all during the winter." If you will take the trouble to investigate this farmer's flock of poultry you will say at once it's no wonder that his flock of poultry does not pay, says a writer in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

It seems strange that the average farmer who will take good care of his cows, horses, pigs and sheep will let his flock of poultry shift for themselves, and not furnish them very much to shift on either. Usually their house is an old shed in too poor a condition to keep anything else in, with leaky roof, cracks in the side for ventilation, some old poles for perches, perhaps not cleaned out more than once a year, a good breeding place for lice, but a poor place for poultry if you expect it to pay.

Then his flock is mongrel bred, all sizes, shapes and colors, and while this same farmer will probably take particular pains to get the best blood possible in his cattle and other live stock, he never thinks of improving the size of laying quality of his poultry.

Then for feeding in summer they shift for themselves. This will probably do when the flock has plenty of free range, but in the winter it is about the same thing, with corn added as the principal diet. No water except occasionally when they happen to think of it. Is it any wonder that this farmer's poultry does not pay?

Now change this plan and take care of your poultry as you do your other stock, and see how quickly they respond to good treatment and become the best paying property you have on the farm. If you have not time yourself, turn them over to your wife, doughter or boy. Furnish them a good warm building where they can be kept clean, use judgment in feeding; give plenty of all kinds of grain, not too much corn, except at night in winter; have fresh water before them all the time; you will probably be surprised to see the amount of water they will drink; give them the scraps from the table and green vegetables chopped fine occasionally. The small potatoes boiled make an excellent feed for a change. Keep plenty of grit and oyster shells where they can reach it handily and a little charcoal also. Try this plan for a while and keep account of all expenditures and receipts and we will guarantee that your poultry will pay.

Don't keep poor stock. It does not cost any more to feed a well bred flock of Wyandottes or Plymouth Rocks that will weigh from seven to ten pounds apiece when matured than it does to keep scrubs that will weigh from four to five pounds each. Sell off the old stock for what they will bring and start in right with a few full blooded birds that you will be proud to see about the farm. At this season of the year you can buy first class stock very reasonable and now is the time to make your start. Remember that poultry does pay.

We now have plenty of poultry farms from Maine to California. The figures for the industry in the United States are almost beyond belief and still credible. Many poultrymen have incomes of from $5,000 to $20,000 annually from poultry alone and stil many think that poultry does not pay. They will return more for the amount invested than any other stock kept on the farm.

STOCK ON FOREST RANGE

In the future the forest service will endeavor to obtain complete reports as to the causes of all losses of live stock upon the national forests Forest guards and rangers have been instructed to keep a strict account of all live stock found dead in their districts, reporting to the forester at the end of each month the number found and listing the causes of death as far as possible under one of four headaccident, disease, poison and wild animals.

It is believed that such a record will be of great value to stockmen in assisting them to figure up the percentage of their losses and materially aiding them in preventing some of the losses through corrective measures. For instance, if an unusually large number of stock are found dead in some particular locality, due to poison from dangerous plants, it will be possible to meet this condition by fencing up the area, or perhaps digging up the poisonous plants.

If several animals are found killed by wild animals in some lone canyon the hunter employed for that purpose or the ranger himself, can investigate the matter and either trap, poison or shoot the mountain lion or other predatory animal responsible for the damage. The rangers and guards are constantly riding over their districts in the forests and have better opportunities for finding dead live stock than the stockmen themselves, and as each forest ranger is supplied with the brands of all stock in his district, he can generally identify the stock by brands and marks and thus advise the owners.

After washing the lamp chimney polish it with dry salt. It makes the glass bright and will prevent breaking.

Pass the Word Along

It won't cost you a penny to reach out a helping hand to a great army of honest, hard-working and deserving men and women.

Just your moral support will insure work, a living, and comforts which are now either partly or wholly denied them.

How so?

Come on, let's have a look.

You've often been importuned and many have been commanded by advertisement or otherwise to "refuse to buy anything unless it bears the union label."

Looks harmless on its face, doesn't it?

It really is a "demand" that you boycott the products made by over 80 per cent of our American workingmen and women who decline to pay fees to, and obey the dictates of the union leaders.

It demands that you ask the merchant for articles with the "union label," thus to impress him with its importance.

It seeks to tell you what to buy and what to refuse. The demands are sometimes most insolent, with a "holier than thou" impudence.

It demands that you take away the living of this 80 per cent of American workingmen and women.

Is that clear?

Why should a small body of workmen ask you to help starve the larger body?

There must be some reason for the "union label" scheme.

Run over in your mind and remember how they carry on their work.

During a discussion about working or striking in the coal regions, about 25,000 men preferred to work, they had wives and babies to feed. The union men said openly in their convention that if the employers didn't discharge these men they (the union men) would kill them.

So they dynamited about a dozen homes, maimed and crippled women and children, and brutally assaulted scores of these independent workers.

The big boys of the union men were taught to pound the school children of the independent men. How would you like to have your little girl shortly grown from the toddling baby who used to sit on your lap and love "Daddy" pounded by some big bullies on her way home from the school where she had gone to try and please Daddy by learning to read?

The little bruised face and body would first need tender care while you ponder the inscription writ deep in your heart, by that Master and Guide to all human compassion. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Then perhaps you would drop to your knees and pray Almighty God for strength in your right arm to strike one manly and powerful blow for baby's sake, even if you went to death for it.

Helpless children were brought home, with faces black or bleeding from the blows and kicks of these fiends, teaching independent Americans that they must stop work when told and pay fees to the leaders of "labor." Thousands of men, women and children have been treated thus.

From somewhere, Oh, Father of us all, we try to believe that You look with pitying eyes upon these brutal blows, cuts and scars on the many human bodies made in your likeness and image.

They are beautifully and wonderfully made, each the dwelling place of a Divine Soul.

Is it Your wish that they be crushed by iron shod heels, cut by knives or torn asunder by bullets and dynamite?

May we venture to think that a long suffering patience is extended in the hope that the men and women of America may some day wake to a realization of the awful cruelties perpetrated by this spirit of oppression and that they will some time learn the lesson that the "sacred gift of human freedom and liberty" was given by God and must be defended even to death itself.

Our forefathers were used by the Infinite God to establish our freedom in 1776, and our fathers gave freely of their blood and treasure to establish the freedom of the black. Now again it seems we are called upon to protect our brothers and ourselves from that old time spirit of tyranny which comes up from time to time to force people to obey tyrannous rules and bend the knee of the slave.

In Wellston, Ohio, 30 Americans sought employment in a factory. They were seeking to earn food for their families. They were bombarded by rocks and pounded with clubs in the hands of union men.

One of the injured, John Brannihan, was taken to the city hospital with a broken jaw, crushed skull and other cuts and bruises. He was the father of two children, and was thought to be dying. Perhaps he did. I don't know, but I sometimes wonder what the children said to Mother when "Papy" didn't come home, and how they and the little woman got any food, and how they could place their wrongs before their own American fellows.

Mayhap sometime some kind person will equip a home where the orphans and widows of the victims of the Labor Trust may be cared for and fed.

It would take a big home. It has been said there were 31 Americans, many of them fathers, killed in one strike, (the teamsters in Chicago) and over 5,000 maimed, many for life. That's only one "lesson" of these bullies. There are literally thousands of cases wherein your fellow American has been assaulted, maimed or killed by these men. The same work is going on day by day. Suppose you make a practice of picking out each day from the papers accounts of brutality to American workingmen who prefer to work free from the impudence and tyranny of self-constituted leaders (?) than to be always subject to their beck and call, pay them fees and be told by them when and where to work and for whom. You will discover the same general conditions underlying all these daily attacks.

In every case the workingman prefers to be free. He has that right. He then tries to go to work. He and his family sorely need the money for food or he wouldn't run the risk of his life. Many such a man has wiped the tears away and quieted the fears of a loving wife, left with a kiss on her lips, set his manly jaw and walked into a shower of stones and bullets to win food for the loved mother and babies.

A good many have been brought home on stretchers with blood oozing from nose and ears, some cold, while some gradually recover and carry for life the grim marks of the "union label!"

They are your fellows, my friends, and yet you supinely read the accounts and say "too bad!"

Have you grown so calloused that you care nothing for the sufferings of these men who need food and these helpless ones who rely on the life and strength of husband and father?

Let us hope that soon you may be moved by a just God to rise in your might and by voice and pen, by vote and right arm you will do a man's part in protecting yourselves and your brothers from this onslaught on American citizens. This cruel warfare is carried on not always to raise wages, but to establish union control, kick out the independent men and establish the "label."

Unfortunately, the "Labor movement," which started many years ago honestly enough, has fallen under control of a lot of tyrannical, vicious "men of violent tendencies."

There are too many to attempt to name. You can recall them. They include men who have planned the murders of miners, teamsters, pressmen and carpenters, shoemakers and independent workmen of all kinds. Many of them have escaped hanging by an outraged public only because juries became terror stricken and dared not convict them.

Some have been punished slightly and some, including the principal officers of this nefarious crew, are now under sentence to imprisonment but have appealed their cases.

Right here some apologist rises to protest against "speaking thus of laboring men." Bless your dear heart. It isn't the honest and real workman who does these things, it is the excitable ones and the toughs and thugs who don't work except with their mouths, but have secured control of too many unions. I don't even attempt to specify the criminal acts these persons have assisted or winked at in their plan for destroying free workingmen and forcing men to stay in "the union" and hence under their control. The newspapers for the past seven years contain almost daily accounts of the criminal, lawless and tyrannical acts against American citizens and haven't told half the tale. Right here it becomes necessary to say for the ten-thousandth time that there are scores of honest law-abiding union men who deplore and are in no way responsible for the long infamous record of the "Labor Trust" under its present management, but they don't seem to stop it.

The men who manage, who pull the strings and guide the policy have made the record and it stands, as made by them.

Examine, if you please, the record of a string of members of the American Federation of Labor and you will view a list of crimes against Americans, stupendous beyond belief. They defy the laws, sneer at the courts, incite mobs and are avowed enemies of the peaceable citizens of all classes.

This band wields an iron bar over their subjects and drives them to idleness whenever they want to call a strike or exact extra pocket money for themselves.

Men don't want to be thrown out of work and lose their livelihood, but what can they do when the slugging and murdering committee stands always ready to "do them" if they try to work.

The poor women and helpless children suffer and no one dares present their case to the public. They must suffer in silence for they have no way to right their wrongs, while the notoriety-seeking leaders carry out their work.

These men cannot thus force oppression on the weak and innocent or use them to bring newspaper notice to themselves and money to their pockets unless they can "hold them in line."

Therefore, with the craft of the fox and venom of the serpent they devise the "union label" and tell the public to buy only articles carrying that label.

Smooth scheme isn't it?

They extract a fee from every union man, and in order to get these monthly fees, they must hold the workers in "the union" and force manufacturers to kick out all independent men.

Can anyone devise a more complete and tyrannical trust?

If allowed full sway, no independent man could keep working in a free factory, for the goods wouldn't sell no matter how perfectly they be made. Then, when the factory has been forced to close and the employees get hungry enough from lack of wages the workers must supplicate the union leaders to be "allowed" to pay their fines (for not becoming members before) and pay their monthly fees to the purse-fat managers of the Labor Trust. Thereupon (under orders) before the factory is allowed to start they must force the owners of the business to put on the "union label" or strike, picket the works, and turn themselves into sluggers and criminals towards the independent workers who might still refuse to bend the knee and bow the head.

In the meantime babies and mothers go hungry and shoeless, but who cares. The scheming leaders are trained to talk of the "uplifting of labor" and shed tears when they speak of the "brotherhood of man" meaning the brotherhood of the "Skinny Maddens," "Sheas," "Gompers," et al., always excluding the medium or high-grade independent workers.

Perhaps you have noticed lately that the makers of the finest hats, shoes and other articles have stopped putting on the union label. Naturally the Labor Trust managers have ordered their dupes to strike, lie idle, scrap, fight, slug and destroy property to force the makers to again put on "the label." But for some reason the buying public has been aroused to the insults and oppression behind it and in thousands of cases have refused to buy any article carrying, what some one named the "tag of servitude and oppression."

The bound and gagged union slave is fined from $5.00 to $25.00 if he buys any article not bearing the "union label." Nevertheless, he, time and again, risks the penalty and buys "free" goods simply in order to help the fellow workingman who is brave enough to work where he pleases without asking permission on bended knee from the bulldozing le

Running Rotten Wrong

Of course, there are two sides to the question. There always are. Here is the big, smooth, silent, powerful service corporation. If it could speak and would permit an interview it would probably say:

"I'm not in politics. I'm in business. Politicians sometimes try to raid me and I prevent it, but I take no hand in what is going on except when it concerns my business. I have to protect my stockholders; my duty is to them, and, moreover, I am run by men whose private lives are above reproach. I am not responsible for these things you complain of. Evil has always existed and always will."

And against that stands the little ninety-eight pound judge—JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY, of Denver, Colorado, and he says in substance to the service corporation:

"You are the boss. Nobody asked you to take charge of things, but you dictate the candidates for both parties for the same office at the same election. Your brains have made crime scientific. Your ability to organize has made it more profitable. You have grabbed the State; and to protect what you have grabbed you find it necessary to corrupt all who stand in your way—from the judge to the sheriff's deputy. Don't tell us that you are not responsible. You run the State and the State isn't running right. In fact, it's running very rotten wrong. Run it better, or get out. It's your mess; you've got to stand for it."

When you open Judge Lindsey's "BEAST AND THE JUNGLE" in the October EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE you will begin to read the most amazingly concrete revelation of cussedness--political and municipal--that has ever been told by a man who knew what he was talking about. The application is for every city in the United States big enough to know the meaning of the word "graft."

And politics aside, it is a story that will carry you right off your feet.

Unless all signs fail there won't be any too many copies of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE in sight after the first rush, and you are respectfully urged to get yours now.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffic address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subjects. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ALFRED TENNYSON

Please publish a biography of Alfred Tennyson.—W. B. C., Potomac, Ill.

Alfred, the first Lord Tennyson, was born August 6, 1809, and died October 6, 1892. He was the son of George C. Tennyson, an English clergyman. In 1827 he published with his brother a collection of juvenile poems. The following year he entered Trinity college at Cambridge. He wrote a prize poem called Timbuctoo the year after he entered the college. He lived at various places until he married in 1850, when he settled at Twickenham. Later he moved to Aldworth in Sussex, and in 1853 to Farringford on the Isle of Wight. In 1845 he received a state pension, and five years later succeeded Wordsworth as poet laureate of England. In 1884 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth. He lived a secluded life and died of old age after a short and painless illness. He was buried in the Poet's Corner, near Chaucer, in Westminster Abbey.

WHEAT

Can you give the history of wheat?—C. D. C., Scio, O.

Wheat is of ancient origin and was cultivated by the prehistoric races, as the Swiss Lake Dwellers. It is mentioned in the earliest writings, and samples which are not materially different from the present forms of the grain have been found in a fair state of preservation in ancient tombs. Attempts have been made to germinate this "mummy" wheat, but without success. It is claimed by the Chinese that wheat was used by them 2,700 years before the Christian era and in Egypt its use as a food appears even to ante-date this period. Wheats produced in different countries have been subject to different climatic and soil conditions as well as to different methods of cultivation until material changes have taken place and numerous hard and soft varieties have been produced. There appears to be no authentic record of wheat growing wild and sowing itself without the help of man.

REIGN OF TERROR

Please give a short account of the reign of terror.—E. D. W., Morocco, Ind.

The reign of terror was a period in the French revolution noted for its horrors and cruelties. It is considered to extend from January 21, 1793, to July 28, 1794. The execution of Louis XVI. was the beginning of it, and it ended when Robespierre and other leaders were guillotined. Every day during this period victims were taken to the scaffold after a mock trial, and the prisons were kept replenished by captives from all parts of France. When all the nobility that could be found were executed, the middle and lower classes furnished victims, and terrorists even laid traps for one another, in their mad ambition and fear of what the future might be. At last the more rabid revolutionists were exterminated, and the nightmare which had brooded for months over France was lifted.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS

Please give the agricultural products of Colorado, Montana and Arizona.—J. F. W., La Belle, Pa.

The agricultural products of Colorado are hay, wheat, potatoes, sugar beets, oats and corn. The products of Montana consist in corn, wheat, oats, barley, hay and forage, rye, dry peas and potatoes. Those of Arizona are alfalfa, wheat and other cereals, potatoes and cotton.

GIBRALTAR

Please give an account of the fortress of Gibraltar.—I. S., Long, W. Va.

Gibraltar is a strongly fortified rock at the southern extremity of Spain. The north side is almost perpendicular while the east side has many precipices. On the south it is almost inaccessible, making an approach from seaward impossible. The west side is not as steep as the others, but here the rock is secured by powerful batteries and other works, rendering it apparently impregnable. The body of the rock consists of dense limestone arranged in beds of from thirty to forty feet in thickness. A great amount of money has been spent in fortifying this rock. Numerous caverns and galleries, extending two or three miles in length, and of sufficient width for carriages, have been cut in the solid rock, forming safe and sheltered communications from one part of the garrison to another in cases of attack. Along these galleries are port holes opening toward the bay or Spanish territory. The barracks and signal stations are on the summit of the rock. The fortifications have been recently strengthened at every vulnerable point and guns of the latest construction have been placed in position so as to be useful in case of attack. The British use Gibraltar as a coaling station. The Spanish formerly possessed this fortress, but it was captured by the English in 1704. It was then besieged by the Spaniards for nine years when it was awarded to the English by the treaty of Utrecht in 1713. It previously changed hands when the Moors and other infidels were fighting Spain. The infidels held it for some time. The fortress has also been besieged by the pirates from Algiers.

KU-KLUX KLAN

What was the Ku-Klux Klan?—C. S. D., Light, Tex.

The Klu-Klux Klan was organized throughout the Southern states from January to May, 1868, and by the end of May numbered 500,000 men. The objects of the Ku-Klux were to oppose the enforcement of the Reconstruction acts, and the elevation and education of the colored people; to prevent the negro from exercising the right of suffrage; to maintain the dominion of the white race; to prevent the introduction of northern immigration and industry. It changed the political complexion of the South in depriving the negro of his rights, and in driving out northern immigrants. Each member of the Ku-Klux was bound by the most solemn oaths. Their work was done for a time with the greatest mystery. Before the nation could be made to realize the fact, thousands of colored men and "poor whites" were outraged and killed, and their homes destroyed, on account of their political beliefs. The alleged object of the Ku-Klux was to "redeem the South." In 1872 congress voted $20,000 to defray the expenses of an investigating committee, the result of the long investigation being the exposure of the plans and workings of the mysterious organization and its complete destruction.

THE BOOMERANG

Please give a description of the boomerang, and tell how it is used.—B. D. C., Northfield, O.

The bomerang is a missile for war, sport, or the chase, used by the aborigines of Australia. It consists of a piece of very hard wood about two feet long, two and a half inches wide, and a third of an inch thick; bent to a parabolic curve, the ends rounded, and one side convex, while the other is flat. It is taken in the hand by one end, with the convex edge forward and the flat side up, and projected as if to hit an object directly in advance. It gradually rises rotating rapidly, and finally takes a retrograde motion and falls behind the projector. Its effective use requires a skill that Europeans find it next to impossible to acquire.

ERICSSON'S DESTROYER

Please give a description of Ericsson's Destroyer.—Bondville, Ill.

Outwardly the Destroyer is simply an unarmored iron-clad vessel with wedge-shaped bow and stern. It is briefly described by the inventor as follows: The Destroyer is an iron vessel 130 feet long, 17 feet wide, 11 feet deep, protected by a wrought iron breast work of great strength applied near the bow. The submarine gun, a formidable piece of ordnance of 16-inch calibre and 30 feet length, is placed on the bottom of the vessel, the muzzle projecting through an opening in the stem. The projectile expelled by the submarine gun is 25 feet long, its weight being 1,500 pounds, including an explosive charge of 300 pounds of gun cotton. The Destroyer attacks bows on, and discharges the projectile at a distance of 300 feet from the ship attacked. The explosion of 300 pounds of gun cotton against the lower part of a ship's hull will shatter it so completely that the expedient of employing watertight compartments will be of no avail. It may be added, for the clearer comprehension of those not experts, that the water is prevented from rushing through the gun into the bilge by an outboard valve, opened and closed automatically. The body of the torpedo is of wood, shaped like a huge cigar. The point or dynamite end is made of copper. The initial velocity with which the torpedo leaves the gun is at the rate of 250 miles an hour, or 250 feet a second. With a minimum charge of powder in the gun the projectile traversed the first 200 feet in three seconds. In the experiments made by a naval board two years ago, common cord nettings were used to determine whether there was really any trajectory in the travel of the torpedo. At firing distances of 250 feet the course of the torpedo through the water was in a perfect straight line. The tide currents had no effect on the course of the torpedo, nor could its course be detected as it traveled through the water. The torpedo is exploded by concussion, and is calculated to strike a vessel at any point below the water line. The machinery of the vessel occupies a space less than eight feet square, and is entirely below the water line and below the intermediate deck, so that it is impossible for the boat to become disabled from the shots of the enemy. An important feature in the construction of the vessel is an intermediate, curved deck, extending from stem to stern, and composed of plate from strongly ribbed and perfectly water tight. This intermediate deck sustains a heavy, solid armor plate, placed transversely to the line of the keel 32 feet from the bow, inclined to an angle of 45 degrees, and supported on the after side by a wood backing four and a half feet deep at the base. The steering wheel is behind this wood backing. A deck cabin 70 feet long above this intermediate deck affords quarters for the officers and crews. The helmsman occupies a pit in the forward end, from which he not only steers the vessels but discharges the gun by an electric battery upon signal. He watches the vessel's course and the position of the enemy through a small port hole of heavy plate glass, and is protected by wrought iron invulnerable armor plate 16 inches in thickness.

STANDARD TIME

Will you explain standard time through the Question Bureau?—C. C. C., Brocton, Ill.

The new system of time in the United States and British provinces makes a division into five belts, each covering 15 degrees of longitude. "Inter-colonial time" is the true, or sun, time of the 60th meridian west of Greenwich, and should cover the territory between 52½ degrees west longitude and 67½ degrees. In like manner "Eastern time" is that of the 75th meridian, "central time" that of the 90th, "mountain time" that of the 105th meridian, and "Pacific time" that of the 120th meridian. In practice, the convenience of the various railroad systems has made the dividing lines rather irregular. Some cities nearer the 75th meridian than the 90th are using central time, and so in other cases. The time of each division is just one hour slower than that of the division east of it.

LIMITED COMPANIES

Will you tell what is meant by the expression limited companies?—Parchman, Miss.

Joint stock companies are limited or unlimited, the grand distribution between the two being that whereas formerly if a company contracted debts, no matter how large, every member was liable, if his co-members proved to be unable to pay their proportions, to pay the while of these debts, even to the last shilling of his fortune; now, on the other hand, if the company is limited, (and where such is the case the word "limited" is placed after the name of the company) though it contract debts, however large, yet each member can in no event be called upon to pay more than he expressly guaranteed, and thus he knows at the outset the worst that can befall him. The members' liability may be limited to the amount, if any, unpaid on their shares, or to such an amount as they may respectively undertake to contribute to the assets of the company in event of its being wound up.

THE DARK AGES

What state of affairs brought about the dark ages, and please tell what you can concerning them?—G. F. D., South Addison, Me.

The Dark Ages is a term applied in its widest sense to that period of intellectual depression in the history of Europe from the establishment of the barbarian supremacy in the fifth century to the revival of learning about the beginning of the fifteenth, thus nearly corresponding in extent with the middle ages. The last of the ancient authors was Bothius, after whose death, about 524, the decline of literature, prepared during several previous centuries, became inconceivably rapid. The darkest period Europe generally was about the seventh century. The earliest sign of revival, however, was seen in Ireland as far back as the sixth. In the tenth, Italy and England were in a deplorable condition of barbarism, while in France and Germany there was more or less culture, which increased considerably during the eleventh. The comparative prosperity of scholastic learning in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was followed by a relapse in taste and classical knowledge which lasted through the thirteenth and fourteenth.

MISCELLANEOUS

J. O. B., Section, Ala.: All metals to be assayed should be sent to one of the following assay offices: New York city, Boise City, Idaho; Helena, Mont.; Denver, Col.; Seattle, Wash.; San Francisco, Cal.; Charlotte, N. C., or St. Louis, Mo.

A. C. E. Sturgeon Bay, Wis.: Write to the attorney general of Michigan for the information you want concerning the payment of taxes.

S. B., Geneseo, Ill.: One of the magnetic poles is in northern Canada near the Hudson Bay. A needle of a compass held in that region would point downward, and one held at the north pole would point south.

J. R. C., Ashland, Ky.: Write to the minister of interior, Ottawa, Canada, for the information you want concerning government lands.

T. R. M., Greensboro, N. C.: Write to the general land commissioner at Washington, D. C., for what you want.

C. B. King City, Mo: Thomas A. Edison did not invent the telephone. Mr. Edison's address is West Orange, N. J.

L. E. C., Iberia, O.: See a chemist in order to have your piece of rock tested for gold.

F. C., Sparland, Ill.: The area of Illinois is 56,000 square miles and that of England is 58,323 square miles.

No Good for Charity.

Philadelphia Times.

A clergyman strolled into a grocery store kept by an enterprising German.

"My good man, said the pastor, "can you give me anything in the ..ne of groceries as a contribution to the Woman's Missionary society? You see, we have done good work among the poor people of this section, and, as there are still many hungry mouths to feed, I wish you would try and help us out."

The big Teuton studied a moment and replied: "Vell, I tell you, dot I know iss sambting gut; but, you see, de only tings vot sell here iss guaranteed goods, so dey vut be no gut vor charity."

The minister went out the door after recovering from the shock, and perhaps is still wondering why guaranteed goods are not to be dispensed to charity workers.

All Who Would Enjoy

good health, with its blessings, must understand, quite clearly, that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best, each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to living aright. Then the use of medicines may be dispensed with to advantage, but under ordinary conditions in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time and the California Fig Syrup Co. holds that it is alike important to present the subject truthfully and to supply the one perfect laxative to those desiring it.

Consequently, the Company's Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna gives general satisfaction. To get its beneficial effects buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE "DO AS I PLEASE" CROWD

International Sunday School Lesson for September 26 Is a Temperance Lesson. I. Cor. 10:23-33.

By William T. Ellis.

The line between liberty and responsibility is difficult for untrained vision to discern. Children and immature adults wonder why they cannot do as they please. "I will do as I please," says the headstrong person; yes, he may, if he lives alone on a desert island. But once let a neighbor draw nigh and he can no longer please himself. Relationships create responsibilities. It is impossible to dwell in human society without some sacrifice of individuality. There must be mutual concessions and adaptation where men live together. One man's rights must terminate where another's begin. Most of the talk that we hear now concerning "personal liberty" is heedless of this basic principle. Personal liberty must ever be subordinate to community welfare.

That truth is recognized in Patagonia and on the Congo, as well as in the most highly organized civilization in the world. There is even a higher law than this, however. Social welfare abrogates many personal liberties, but there is a loftier plane erected by the apostle Paul, in this lesson: "Let no man seek his own, but his neighbor's good." Instead of looking out for number one, he looks out for number two. This means a tremendous stride away from selfish individualism. When men seek the welfare of their neighbors above that of themselves, they are creating something wondrously like unto Utopia or the Kingdom of Heaven. Yet nothing less than this fulfills the higher law of Christ.

An Ancient Problem.

Over in China Christian converts are very much concerned about the so-called worship of ancestors. They want to worship their new-found Lord and him alone, yet veneration for their ancestors is deeply inwrought in their consciousness. They can see clearly that the issue is drawn between Buddhist and Taoist idols and Christian worship; but the question of ancestors leads them into fog. Some missionaries advocate that the veneration of ancestors be not regarded as worship, but that it be accepted as entirely proper in a Christian.

Somewhat similar to this present-day Chinese perplexity was that which beset the Christians of Corinth, to whom Paul wrote this letter. We have to put ourselves back very far from our present Christian civilization to appreciate their difficult position. These Christians lived in heathen communities. The worship of idols was bound up with all the social life and customs of their time. The worship of idols was bound up with all the social life and customs of their time. The meat that was offered for sale in the market place had in most cases been first presented to an idol. This taint of idolatry disturbed some sensitive consciences. They did not want to make even that much compromise with heathendom. It seemed to them, in their religious fastidiousness, that there should be laid down a code of regulations to govern all these practices.

Man-Made Sins.

This type of man, which seeks a religion of rules and regulations, is very common. We have it today. The tendency to tag little man-made sins is a prevalent one. It has its root in the same self-consciousness and weakness of conscience which appealed from Corinth to Paul to make a ruling on the question of food that had been offered to idols.

With is wide vision, Paul saw that this would be burdensome. He even went beyond the instructions of the other apostles at Jerusalem. His larger experiences and deeper discernment of Christ's teachings showed him that it would be laying upon the converts burdens too grievous to be borne to require them to accept an intricate scheme of peccadilloes. Other religions have not escaped this snare. Buddhism, for instance, is an elaborate system of requirements which it is impossible for any person to fulfill and still retain the normal relationship of society. Paul did not believe in that ascetic type of religion which would withdraw men from their kind. He did not want to see a class of Christian Pharisees developed, like unto those who had merited the scorn of Jesus. Christianity is not a code of conduct; it is a big, all-embracing principle of life, who may be adapted to any conditions.

The Law of Liberty.

Fearlessly, and in the face of apostolic instructions as well as of all tradition, Paul enunciated the truth of Christian liberty. For freedom did Christ set men free. Their obligation to him alone and their liberty to serve him in the way that he would make plain to them individually was supreme. Alongside of this no other man's scruples could stand for a minute. The principle of Christian liberty is greater than any detail of practice. Upon this fundamental proposition Christian teachers should squarely plant their feet. The modern tendency, happily growing weaker every year, to regulate the Christian's life in matters of detail and practice by ecclesiastical prescription finds no warrant in the New Testament. One man's compunctions may not bind another man's conscience. Christ is not honored by machine-made and marked disciples. Liberty is essential to life.

It was a grave responsibility, however, which Paul placed upon the Christians of Corinth when he accorded to them this unprecedented measure of independence and liberty. His safeguard was that he made clear that liberty should be animated by love. If each man thought first of the other's welfare, and of the profit of the many, he could afford to live by this royal law of fredom. Paul put it in these words: "I also please all men in all things, not seeking mine own profit, but the profit of many, that they may be saved." That is a controlling principle like unto the magnetic pole, which draws the mariner's needle ever toward the north.

Social Law and "Personal Liberty."

Any man who does uterly as he pleases amid his fellow-men is an anarchist. The law rightly lays its restraining hand upon such. Selfishness is unsocial. He who serves himself first cannot serve his fellow men. When the rule is "every man for himself" the result is not that the devil gets the hindmost, but that he gets the foremost. Pre-eminence in self-seking is supreme sin. Let it be written plainly and beyond all misunderstanding that whosoever is seeking his own ways, regardless of his neighbor's welfare, is an offender against the laws, human and divine. Christian liberty looks first to the welfare of its fellow men.

This opens the door to all the legislation that is of late attracting attention. The restraint of special privilege. Nobody thinks that he can do as he pleases with respect to smallpox or measles or sewage or the keeping of pigs. Neither can he do as he pleases with respect to strong drink. The enlightened judgment of modern society is that the liquor traffic as a whole is inimical to the community. The local option successes that have of late been recorded in all parts of the land are merely one sign of the increased socialization of our times. They indicate that selfish and individual "personal liberty" must be subordinated to the prosperity and safety of the whole mass of mankind. In other words, the reign of brotherhood is supplanting the reign of predatory selfishness.

The Highest Law.

What it means concerning society today that so many altruistic sentiments are being enacted into civil law may not here be indivated. The theme is possible of indefinite expansion. The day of brotherhood is dawning. For there is a higher law than this one of brotherhoid. It solves all social and personal problems. It is the master key to all locks. Paul laid down this law to the Corinthian Christians. It is the best life motto that can be adopted by any one! "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

There is the knightliest mission that can enlist the service of high souls. There is defined a career worthy of an immortal. In this sentence is pointed out the surest, clearest line along which man can serve his generation and the generation unborn. Whoso lives for God's glory cannot help serving man's weal. Whatsoever conforms to that test meets all lesser requirements. The best society conceivable is that wherein the glory of God is the supreme objective of man.

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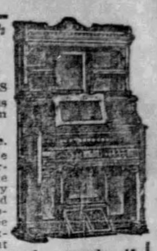

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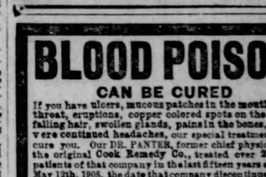

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Skilled surgery, combined with phenomenal grit, promises to contribute to medical history a remarkable recovery in the case of Joseph Lafferty, of Hempstead, L. I., to save whose life the fifth and sixth vertebrae were removed from his spine Tuesday afternoon in the Red Cross hospital, Central Park West and 100th street.

Dr. Irving Haynes, of 1125 Madison avenue, performed the delicate operation, and believes his patient will live for many years. Lafferty is 21 years old, and the father of a son born in last November, for whom he says he is going to recover. To take the place of the two removed sections of the spinal column, the surgeon inserted fine silver threads and silver plates, fashioned as nearly as possible like the missing vertebrae.

Though he has been paralyzed from his neck down since last October, Lafferty showed wonderful vitality, coming out of the operation strong and eager to live for the sake of his child and his wife. It is not certain that he will recover normal strength, but Dr. Haynes believes he will live.

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TOM AND ROSIE

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

When Tom Merton was approaching 21 years of age he suddenly became very "dressy." He favored hosiery of violent hues, with neckties to match and he let it be known to his mother that the next time he bought a new suit of clothes, he preferred to select it himself instead of leaving the choice to her, as he had always done before.

Mrs. Merton was good-natured about Tom's sudden show of independence, as she was always good-natured about everything, and this happy disposition had preserved her youthful looks and made her appearance fit her name, which was Rosie. Tom was born when his mother was little more than 18 years old. His father was killed in an accident shortly after his son came into the world, so Tom and his mother always had been very near to each other. When Rosie was widowed, she was left without money, but she was young and strong and hopeful, and after she recovered from the shock of her sudden bereavement there was never a fear in her heart but that she could support herself and her boy. In this she was successful, and while there had been necessity for close economy, they had always had enough to eat and wear and a comfortable home to live in, though in the beginning the home was only one room.

Save for her grief for her husband, Rose had never been unhappy. She made all she could out of every chance of enjoyment, and while she had never known any but simple pleasures she took from life every opportunity there was for a laugh or a smile, and she was quick to see these opportunities.

She had taught Tom that as soon as he had sufficient schooling he must work for his living, and this he began to do even sooner than his mother was willing. Rosie was a good manager, and while Tom was still in his "teens" they had paid for a cosy little home with a tiny yard at the side that was just big enough for a "patch of flowers" and a "bit of a vegetable garden," as Rosie expressed it.

"What more could I want?" she said contentedly. With our fine little cottage, and with work for me hands and Tom, dear, for me heart, what could a woman ask better?"

Rosie was of Irish descent and spoke now and then with a touch of Irish mannerism.

It was not to be expected that so attractive a young widow as Rosie could go unsought in marriage, but the woman was absorbed in the mother and she discouraged matrimonial attentions and turned away from admirers. In spite of her determination not to marry again, there was one who would not take "no" for a final answer. This was John Donnelly, a man of strong and dependable character, who had known Rosie in her girlhood and, if the truth were told, for her sake had remained a bachelor. He stood by and bided his time, feeling sure that some day Tom would follow the way of youth and there would be some one to rival his mother in his affections, then, perhaps, John thought, he would have a chance with Rosie.

"How are you going to like being 'my husband's mother' to some young snip of a girl who's going to own Tom one of these days?" he asked Rosie, by way of warning her of what she might expect in the future.

Rosie was not inclined to do any bridge crossing. "It's one word for me and two for yourself you're speaking, John Donnelly," she said.

"Maybe so, maybe so," he returned, "but I tell you it's bound to happen," he insisted; "how'll you like playing second fiddle?"

"I'll wait till it happens before I begin tuning the fiddle," declared Rosie.

Her sense of absolute ownership of Tom was so strong she could not realize the possibility of having to share him with another. Tom had always been a quiet, home-staying sort of a lad who seemed perfectly satisfied with the companionship of his mother. Her youthful spirit was unfailing, and Rosie spoke the truth when she said "Tom and I always have good times together."

She never thought there might come a change, and she was slow to read the signs when Tom, who had paid so little attention to clothes, suddenly became very "dressy."

"For why are you getting so fussy about your neckties and socks?" questioned Rosie. "It's not so long ago I could hardly get you to wear 'em."

Tom blushed, and to conceal his blushes bent down to examine the hem of his trousers which, since his predilection for bright-hued hosiery, he had taken to wearing turned up.

For the first time in his life he had a secret from his mother. He felt himself a guilty wretch to keep her out of his confidence, but some way he could not bring himself to speak of "the girl," especially as he was by no means sure of her. Doubtless it was this uncertainty that caused Tom to go mooning about, whistling "he mine" music, in an absent minded manner.

His actions were so unlike him that slowly but surely it dawned upon Rosie that what ailed Tom was the girl question. "Sure, what John Donnelly said has come true; there's a girl in it," she decided, and she knew some uneasy moments until she consoled herself with the thought, "Oh, the first time never counts, for why should I worry?"

She made up her mind the wisest thing to do was to win Tom's confidence, and one morning at breakfast she asked him, without leading up to the question, "do I know her?"

Tom jumped in his chair and glanced at her anxiously, but seeing the good-natured twinkle in her eyes, was reassured and answered frankly, "I don't think you do, but mother," he went on, with a burst of feeling, "she an awfully nice little girl."

"They always are," Rosie remarked dryly.

Tom's hurt look reproached her, and mother love supplanted the jealousy that sprang into her heart when she understood that Tom was in earnest.

"Bring her around, so we can make friends," she invited, cordially.

"I will," promised Tom.

"You do that," returned Rosie.

It was late when Tom came home the evening after this conversation. He had put his fate to the test, and he went to his mother's room with what he thought were glad tidings.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "it's all fixed. She'll have me!" He spoke as if he had won the world.

"Will she?" said Rosie, a little dully, being scarcely awake, and then she had not expected the affair would be so soon rushed to a climax.

Tom was so eager to pour out his soul that his mother invited him to sit on the edge of her bed and talk of his happiness.

"We three can live here together, can't we, mother?" he asked, when he had reached a point where he could come down to prosaic plans.

For a moment his mother was silent. She wanted to be responsive, but she could not immediately rejoice at the prospect of having a daughter.

"We'll talk that over tomorrow," she answered, gently, and Tom had to be satisfied with this.

When morning came, he was obliged to hurry away to his work, thus giving his mother time to think of the matter when she was alone, and this was what she wanted. Her first thoughts were rebellious. That Tom could go on without her, suddenly dawned with terrifying clearness upon her mental vision, but she—could she go on without Tom?

"It's hard," she said to herself, "to have some one take away the boy that's been the heart of me all of my life, and that without so much as 'by your leave, ma'am.' I don't even know the girl, and maybe she isn't the right one at all. Tom seems so certain, I'll have to take his word for it, but a man never knows the woman he's in love with, and Tom is so young. They're going to be married right away. 'What's the use of waiting,' says Tom, 'with a nice home ready and me with a good job.' And she's going to be so much company for me, he says. Oh, the boy of it, the boy of it!" she sighed. "And there's no use saying a word against it, not a word, he's that firm and decided."

She had it out with herself and then, her rebellion ended, she turned to plans for Tom's future.

"When the time comes, I'll be going and give the lad the home. No house is big enough for two families. To be sure, I'm a small bit of a family all by myself, but I've had me own way for so long, I'd be interfering without knowing what I was doing. John Donnelly was right. I could never play second fiddle and there's no use in my trying to tune it."

The tears sprang to her eyes at the thought of saying good-bye to the place which she and Tom had worked so hard to pay for and furnish. She loved every inch of it. She loved everything it contained, and yet, for the sake of her son, she was determined to leave it.

"If I was to die," she thought, "it would all belong to the lad, so I'll give him his share whilst I'm here and see him enjoy it. I wonder where I'll be going when I move out."

In imagination she already saw herself departing, she knew not whither, and she was overwhelmed with a sense of desolation. It was at this point in her reflections that John Donnelly chanced to come to the house and, for the first time in many years, he found Rosie in need of consolation.

"Why, what's happened?" he exclaimed, startled by the unusual sight of Rosie in tears.

Here was some one who would give her the sympathy she craved, and Rosie turned to him with a glad, though tearful, welcome.

"My Tom's going to be married," she cried, "and him but a bit of a lad!"

"Didn't I tell you?" John Donnelly could not refrain from saying.

"Yes," acknowledged Rosie, "you did, but I never believed it would come so soon. I'm giving Tom the house when he's married. I'll not stay here to play second fiddle, though I'm far from knowing where I'll find a home to go to," she lamented.

John Donnelly moved closer to Rosie. "You say Tom is going to be married soon?" he questioned.

"I do," answered Rosie, sighing.

John Donnelly came still closer.

"Rosie," he said, slipping his arm around her waist, "it's long I've been waiting. Why don't you beat him to it?"

"I will," answered Rosie, without much hesitation, finding a wonderfully comforting power in his arm.

When Tom next talked to his mother of his marriage, he found her a very sympathetic listener.

"I'll be giving you the home for your very own, Tom, dear, on your wedding day and all that's in it, saving meself," she told him.

Tom looked puzzled. "But, mother," he said, "where are you going? We want you here in the home with us. Why, I couldn't think of living without you."

"You'll have to, then," Rosie returned with her hand pressed lovingly on his shoulder to soften her refusal and its explanation, "I'm going to be married meself."

Tom stared at his mother in astonishment. Never before had she made a plan without consulting him or in which he was not the figure of paramount importance, and he had a queer, gone feeling.

"Is it John Donnelly?" he asked.

"It is," answered Rosie.

"Well," said Tom, slowly, "I guess I'll have to be willing."

His Chivalry.

I need no gems, or laces priceless, dear,
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I do not need a thousand poems, love,
To prove you love me as I love you—

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THEY LOOK WELL—W

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1909.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Would you swear to it that some one got to the Pole?

Anyhow, Dr. Cook found something worth writing about.

According to Mr. Harriman's will he was nobody's rich uncle.

Nobody has as yet made a success of predicting the end of the world.

Having read Commander Peary's account, how would you like to make the trip?

Canada says the North Pole belongs to her, but she isn't sending anybody after it.

According to late reports, Mr. Harriman's wealth amounted to only $85,000,000.

If Dr. Cook is a Democrat, as reported, he is running away ahead of his ticket.

Isn't it about time for Nevada to think of conserving the resources of gold mining stock.

How can anyone believe either explorer since they both failed to send home souvenir postal cards?

Being president of Mexico evidently is a healthy job. Diaz is 79 and seems good for several more years.

The President, being an observing man, will see a lot of prosperity as he travels around the country.

President Taft's speeches are better than his messages. He can illuminate the speeches with that famous smile.

Since this is a year of great discoveries, there is reason to believe that Mr. Roosevelt will find a white elephant.

A Kansas girl has been engaged seven times since June. Evidently she didn't put in much time helping her mother.

We met a small boy going to school with face illumined with joy. He had just broken his slate over the head of a comrade.

The President's tour is called a "swing around the circle," but a map of the route makes it look like a zigzag movement.

With Lincoln pennies quoted at eight cents apiece, isn't it about time for another tariff fight to reduce the costs of living?

The Standard Oil company is having some trouble in Germany, and it may have to buy the country and run it to suit itself.

Los Angeles wants California cut in two, thus making two states. She thinks it can be done without injuring the climate.

Census enumerators will not be permitted to talk politics. They will, however, be allowed to say anything they wish concerning the weather.

Nevada has an annual rainfall of eight inches. When a good sized shower visits the state, naturally the inhabitants think it's a cloudburst.

The annual report of a scarcity of turkeys and cranberries is out. Thus are we given ample time to work up a chicken appetite for Thanksgiving.

No one has so far improved the auto maps as to leave the tourists absolutely independent of the boy picking burrs out of his feet at the roadside.

An American yachtsman refused to lend his boat to Dr. Cook for the purpose of going to Greenland for proof. Some yachtsmen are such selfish creatures!

It must be a wonderfully satisfactory thing to Harriman to know he is rich and can afford to let the doctors take their time messing around with his innards.

The attention of the President is respectfully called to the fact that in old-fashioned families the hickory gad has not been discarded as a preserver of harmony.

The next expeditions won't be able to see the aurora borealis because of the number of American flags about the Pole. But the show will be a good deal more beautiful.

The idea that there is always room at the top may be all right, nevertheless it is fortunate that Cook and Peary didn't reach the North Pole at the same time.

The robber who held up a Pennsylvania train overlooked a half million dollars in currency. Still he probably doesn't feel harshly toward the money he didn't overlook.

The President has trained his waist measurement down seven inches, but it will take more than that to bring the fashion editor to the point of describing his general design as sylph.

A love letter written 4,000 years ago has been discovered in Egypt. We understand that it reads very much like the love letters written at the present time. Lovers have no originality.

A German scientist is out with the statement that buttermilk prolongs human life. But to be fair we will have to give Charles Warren Fairbanks credit for having discovered buttermilk.

DISEASE AND DOLLARS.

The custom which has sprung up of counting the costs of preventable disease in dollars and cents has been carried rather far and it might very easily be made ridiculous. Yet even though it is a fashion which may be discarded some time, it has a way of bringing the problem of infectious and contagious diseases vividly to the mind.

An example: The report of the state registrar of vital statistics for Ohio, covering the first six months of this year, shows that 2,382 persons died of tuberculosis within the state. The registrar, computing the individual loss at $1,500 for each person and $645 for nursing, doctor bills and interruption of income, offers the sum of $5,180,850 as the economical loss to the state in the six months.

It is the governing bodies of the cities and the townships which must be impressed the hardest with the necessity of fighting preventable diseases. It is quite possible that the reduction of records to terms of money will carry greater weight in officialdom than anything else so far devised. If so, then let the registrar continue to write dollar marks over the sickbed.

RAILROAD OBSTRUCTION.

The tentative decision of the internal waterway commission to report against the 14-foot channel from Lake Michigan to the Gulf until terminal docks and wharves are obtained carries a note of warning to all communities hopeful of water improvements.

While the country has been neglecting the development of highways the railroads have improved the opportunity to secure control of frontage available for shipping purposes. In nearly every western city, upon river and lake shores and upon the Pacific coast, property has been quietly purchased, franchises obtained and rights made certain. The railroads have not all had in mind the cutting off of water competition, but their tremendous purchases will virtually have that effect. Should the federal government subscribe to the water development schemes of the conservative associations and the plans of state leagues and municipal associations, it might spend huge sums to no avail whatever since water traffic would be cut off and hampered at the vital points. The railroads might develop a policy of permitting access to frontage, at times, when they were themselves embarrassed by heavy freight, obstructing it when every pound of freight was sought. It is admitted by the companies that certain classes of freight are carried at a loss, yet they are not inclined to be friendly to the projected service which would relieve them of this loss. Until a more generous attitude appears in the railroad offices and their obstruction is halted or circumvented, a waterway system, however desirable in theory, would prove impracticable in fact.

A VISITOR FROM FAR DISTANCES.

Before many months the great Halley comet, sighted the other day through a powerful telescope, will be visible to the naked eye. It is now sweeping majestically through the heavens upon a return journey from the orbit of Neptune which it began 86 years ago, gaining speed as it approaches the sun and trailing a banner of shining meteoroids millions of miles in length.

The eagerness with which the astronomers await the coming of this comet lies largely in the history of the prediction made by the man for whom the comet was named. Halley was astronomer royal of England in the latter part of the Seventeenth century. In 1682, a brilliant comet spread a trail of fire across a vast space equal to more than a quarter of the visible sky. With such records as there were at his command he sought to compare this comet with others described in the past. He found that the course followed by this comet was similar to that of comets noted by students in 1531 and 1607. He suspected that these were not different bodies, but one and the same. With such meagre data as he had he made the prediction that the comet of 1682 would return in 76 years. "Wherefore," he wrote with a quaint patriotic fervor, "if it should return according to our prediction about the year 1758, impartial posterity will not refuse to acknowledge that this was first discovered by an Englishman." The night of Christmas, 1758, Halley's theory was proved fact. The comet came again in 1835, and now, more than 75 years later, its fiery parade begins within the survey of peering mankind.

BALLINGER AND ALASKA.

Examination of the Glavis report has vindicated Secretary Ballinger of aiding, or abetting, the Alaskan coal land frauds. Glavis, it appears, made no direct charges in his report, but sought, by innuendo, to convey the impression that the secretary was involved in the seizures.

Glavis may be discredited, his insinuations proved unjust and himself thrown out of the public service, but there yet remains the business of regaining control of a property with an estimated value of a billion dollars. There have been numerous trials of land fraud cases in the last few years, but the convictions have been far between. It is notorious that these convictions have been of the puppets of rich men and corporations. So far the principals have not been reached. Their reputations for honesty have been sorely wounded, but their liberty has hardly more than been threatened. To the unscrupulous a name for business dishonor is of no consequence so long as it carries with it no physical distress.

The differences between the chief forester and the secretary of the interior are still to be settled. There is no question in these of departmental friendliness to moneyed interests, as it has been intimated many times, but of two separate and distinct interpretations of the law. Mr. Roosevelt read it one way, the secretary of the interior another. The country has given its sympathies to Mr. Pinchot, who has undertaken to support the Roosevelt idea to the last ditch. Congress can bring about peace by amending the law to read as it should read.

In yet another direction Secretary Ballinger has drawn unfavorable comment. This is in the matter of reclamation service. It was proceeding with speed and apparently most satisfactorily until Mr. Ballinger entered and began to split hairs over the meaning of the statutes. The reclamation service, at last accounts, was in a state almost chaotic, its rapid progress stayed and its engineers so enthusiastic and eager for achievement and fame, thrown into sullen confusion.

Mr. Ballinger is not yet out of the woods.

THE LAND OF MANY FIRES.

New York has just been going over its fire accounts. It has made the astonishing discovery that the city is destroyed every 12 years, that is, the fire losses in the period are equal to the total value of buildings in the municipality. More than $125,000,000 of property has gone up in flames since 1883, the average annual loss amounting to $5,000,000. A fire alarm is received every 23 minutes and one call in every two hours means a fight that must be fought.

In no other country in the world does the destructivenes of fire reach such an appalling extent. The damage wrought is estimated at $600,000,000 annually. In a single month in 1908 the building operations within our borders amounted to $16,000,000, while in the same 30 days $24,000,000 worth of property was burned. The fire tax is about $3 per head in the United States. Some countries in Europe pay no more than 12 cents per capita and none so outrageous a sum as Americans.

It is in this country that fire-fighting has been developed to the point of a science. But the fire-fighting does not solve the problem. The solution necessary is adequate prevention. Until that comes Americans will continue to lose so wastefully and to pay so enormous a price for insurance.

THE ENDORSEMENT OF PIE.

After all the shameful years of snubbing, pie has received official recognition, been admitted by authoritative decree to fellowship among American institutions. The Omaha board of education, a body of patriots and sensible personages, has decided that pie must and shall be included in the curriculum of the restaurant just opened in the city high school.

Memory leaps back to a little white church that perched bravely upon a mound where two roads met in a country of hills. The pastor, whose sermons were composed by week days while, he guided a plow and yanked impatiently at a mangy old mule, bombarded the congregation with threats of hell fire and damnation for a full hour and a half. He "lined out" the hymn and then remarked: "The chu'ch will kindly excuse the pastor while he refreshes hisself." With a jack knife he quartered a noble pumpkin pie, balanced section by section upon his mighty palm and guided them deftly to the place where they would do the most good.

The Sunday pie was as much a part of the form and observance of the little white church as taking up the collection. None of the simple souls who sat upon the painful benches thought of its dispatch as a pandering to appetite or invitation to indigestion—an ailment all but unknown—but rather as a Christian duty. Pie was enshrined in their respect as the Stars and Stripes, the Liberty bell and other emblems of a nation beloved. And if pie should thus come to win the salutation of piety, is it not a reflection upon our public spirit that this blessed discovery, not until many, many years after, should receive administrative endorsement?

RAT CLUBS.

The bureau of biological survey, a division of the department of agriculture, has just issued a bulletin hammering at the rat plague. It declares that the vermin costs many millions of dollars every year in the destruction of property and is an agency for the spread of bubonic plague and other diseases. The newer point in the subject is the suggestion that clubs be formed for a concerted warfare upon rats.

Rats have developed so much intelligence and such extraordinary caution that attempts to exterminate them have rarely succeeded. The failures have been due not so much to a lack of effective methods as to a lack of certain precautions and absence of concerted action.

In these days it is the novel thing which counts. The new steps upon the heels of the old in point of popularity. Rat clubs ought to appeal on this account if not for the good that they might do.

Hunters buy expensive equipment and firearms and make long journeys in discomfort in order to get a shot at creatures it were better for the world were left unhurt. Let the sportsmen remain at home and turn their vast energies to the purusit of the voracious rat. They will find a cunning to meet that nothing in woods life can show They will discover a quickness and, when the animals are cornered, a bravery unsurpassed. It is true that rats are not good to eat, but then neither are a lot of the little folk whose lives are brought to sudden end with shot and rifle bullet.

THE REBATES AGAIN.

There have been rumors for months that the rebate evil was once more in practice. A railroad president who has long aided in the war upon rebates was recently quoted as saying that methods had been found for getting around the law and that legislation was urgently needed to head off the new abuse. But disclosures just made in New York show it is no novelty in making an illegality legal that is the foundation of the rumors. The rebating is disguised, secret and ponderously involved, but it is rebating, nevertheless, and in the opinion of the government prosecutors, clearly an offense against the law. It is charged:

That payments of rebates have been made to the Holland-American Steamship company, by railroads under secret agreements and private arrangements in violation of the Elkins rebate law as amended. The companies which the evidence shows to have been guilty of these offenses are the Central of Vermont, the Wabash, the Ontario & Western, the New York Central, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Chesapeake & Ohio, the Erie, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and the National Despatch company. The payments extend over a period of three years.

The prompt punishment of the offending companies may be counted upon. The present administration does not propose to be hampered in its new work by abuses thought dead.

A PROPHET WARNS.

The foresight of James J. Hill has brought him power and wealth. It has caused him to bend every energy to the development of the country along his railroads rather than to leave the process to time and the fates. He has plead, and with results, for an increase in interest in scientific agriculture. That same far-sightedness has led him to sound a warning.

The idea that we feed the world is being corrected and unless we can increase the agricultural population and their product the question of a source of food supply at home will soon supersede the question of a market abroad.

The home consumption is fast catching up with production. Before many years, unless the yield per acre can be bettered, there will be a consumer in this country for every grain of wheat raised within the states. After that it may be necessary to import grain from the fields of Canada, possibly from more distant sources of supply. While the acreage increases the acre brings forth no more. We are behind England, Germany and other countries in this. At the same time, the agricultural experiment stations are developing wheat of higher yield, but the experiments are, from their very nature, slow, calling for infinite patience and painstaking. Better methods of cultivation are found yearly. Dry-farming, a thing new and wonderful, has been of great stimulation to the thoughtful and ingenious among agriculturists. Harriman told the man who found the principle of dry-farming, that a million dollars could not repay him for the gain in freight thus given to the Union Pacific railroad. The rotation of crops improves the assurance of profitable harvests.

It may be that before the day now predicted comes when foodstuffs will have to be imported, science will have met the crisis—for it will be a crisis in the living expenses of Americans and in national resource and pride. The farmer cannot work out the problem alone. It means that every aid must be given him and it is to that need Mr. Hill refers.

THE TAFT POLICIES.

Mr. Taft is unfortunate in that he is called upon periodically to reaffirm his allegiance to policies which, it has been assumed, he inherited with his office. They are his own personal policies as much as they were those of his predecessor, and always were, but because his temperament makes it impossible for him to set them forth in just the same way, he is made the subject of attack in some quarters and of suspicion in others. The great body of the republic recognizes the President's loyalty to his principles and, we believe, it just as clearly sees the injustice of the criticisms.

The speech made by the President to the New England business men is not the presentation of a defense, as some, no doubt, will make it out to be, or an apology, since there is nothing for which to apologize. It is the reiteration of a resolution to stamp out, as far as it is possible for him to do so, those forces which lock patriotism and good citizenship in the closet in order to promote selfish interest and special privilege. The possessions of the public are to be fought for as are the rights of the smaller business man when in conflict with the greed of the stronger. So, also, is he to fight for the rights of the wage-earner and of the vast unorganized and scarcely recognized peoples who exist between the day-workers and capital. Trade that is carried on in fairness and holds the moral code in respect has no reason to fear the least attempt at prosecution or persecution. The courts which do their duty equably can count upon support while those that have debauched themselves must expect retribution.

The Boston speech was typically a Taft speech, direct, unassuming, the words of a man too much in earnest to be florid or blatant.

EXPLOITED.

The Indian trader is not dead. He is gone, or his practices are, in the United States. He remains, disabled and restricted, at the stations of the Hudson Bay company. But he flourishes in the person of the Arctic hunters and explorers.

That part of the stories of the adventures in the frozen north which has to do with the dealings with the Eskimos does not reflect a great degree of credit upon our countrymen. To buy ivory worth, it may be, more than a hundred dollars with a tin cup, delights the bargaining sense, but it surely cannot be very happy to the instinct of fairness. Rich furs worth their weight in gold in civilization are bartered for with a knife of a spoon or a handful of cheap candy. The founder of the Astor fortunes might have felt compunctions had he trafficked in Greenland.

The services of the Eskimos employed for the extremely dangerous and agonizing journey to the Pole appear to have been purchased at as ridiculous a price. Life was imperiled hourly. Frost bites, the hidden crevasses in the ice hummocks, the dogs which sometimes went mad from the fatigue and cold, any one of these hazards might have so crippled the native that the explorer, his mind set like steel upon attaining his ambition, would have been forced to drop him by the way, taking a hundred chances against rescuing him and relieving his suffering.

The Eskimos have been exploited without scruple. Doubtless Danish traders have been doing as much for years. The recent publicity of the business, one may suspect, will excite many an adventurer to fit out expeditions, the cargoes of which will consist largely of the highly attractive tin cup and the delectable tallow candle.

THE PRESIDENT'S TOUR.

A man so much traveled as Mr. Taft would naturally be daring in mapping his itinerary. No other has been so generous with speaking dates and so anxious to meet and see so many people of different sections.

Thirty states are to be visited. More than 12,000 miles will be covered. Twenty-two railroads will haul the two cars. The journey is like to gain a statistical record as well as that of a singularly friendly visit.

Mr. Taft will gain in acquaintance with his country. It is our belief that the country, too, will gain much. There is undoubtedly a stimulation in interest in the governing processes to behold those most concerned with the labors of governing. Thousands of men come to their majority, vote for candidates for chief magistrates at many elections and die without ever obtaining a glimpse of a successful aspirant. If one of them thought of the matter at all he might have wondered whether these personages are not myths, or caricatures of human figure, or huge and pompous halftones.

The tendency since Mr. McKinley entered the White House is toward a more intimate relationship between President and people. Mr. Taft is to make that intimacy more intimate.

LABOR AND IMMIGRATION.

In a thoughtful and tolerant article in the Outing, John Mitchell urges the passage of more stringent immigration laws.

He has in mind the influence which unrestricted and unselected immigration has upon labor, its ideals of morals, of responsibilities toward the state and of living, but his arguments apply to all walks in American life. They apply to those employers compelled to be unpatriotic and heartless, because of the competition brought about by cheap and low standarded labor. They affect the cities overwhelmed with a population which forces the enlargement of police forces and brings despair to sanitary officers and health boards—and yet pays no taxes. They touch everyone through the practice in vogue among southern Europeans of dispatching money out of the country and the custom of accumulating a sufficiency to be spent not here, but in the old home.

Labor, says Mr. Mitchell, has no sympathy with the idea of "America for Americans only," but it may, very easily, be seen how that doctrine might be rivived in a new form and be developed into fierce warfare against the unabsorbed and unabsorbable alien. In a Pittsburg newspaper Mr. Mitchell discovered an advertisement for men in which appeared the sentence, "Syrians, Poles and Roumanians preferred." Nothing else could be more un-American, and nothing else could do more to breed hatred and violence.

The labor unions strained their treasuries and their resources to the utmost last year to feed the unemployed of their members, and yet, in that period, 782,870 immigrants, seeking an asylum and a livelihood, poured into the United States.

Immigration of the character that has predominated in the last few years calls for drastic regulation.

THE BATTLE.

Science has had memorable controversies in the past, squabbles in which dignity was cast to the winds and childishness and jealousy were made the moving spirits, as in the present inglorious contention. There was the famous quarrel of the entomologists over the exact spot in nature to which a certain species of moths belonged. There was the shouting down of Crookes. The man who gave his nitrogen fertilizing discoveries as a free gift to the people was nearly crucified by an unprincipled attack upon his honor as a public servant. Herbert Spencer was involved in disputes because of a constitutional unreadiness to change his mind once he had made it up.

But science is far from having a weakness for pettiness and bickerings. There is truth to seek and truth to be published and to the majority of scientists it matters as little whether they attain fame as whether they gain money. They can be as disinterested about one as they are notoriously absent-minded about the other. I is impossible to think of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, Newman and their type, descending to crying fraud and liar. They could be as earnest as pugilists, but they never forgot they were not pugilists.

To be wildly indiscreet may be taken largely as a mark of the unworldliness of the scientific mind. The leap into controversy is taken without thought of the possible complications, the gleeful attitude of the public which likes a fight, the distorted quotations and the bitterness which may be as ruinous to career as they are to temper. Though one of the explorers precipitated the battle of today, it is not he and his rival, but their friends—their unthinking and unthoughtful advocates—who are manning the guns and firing the broadsides.

MORE HORRORS.

The government has ordered the removal of all federal prisoners held at the western penitentiary of Pennsylvania. An investigation satisfied Wade Ellis, the acting head of the department of justice, that conditions were too distressing and intolerable in the prison for the government to sanction. Disease, filth, vermin—all the horrors of neglect with which penitentiaries have been charged were found present. Nor was there a sign of a promise of reform.

This penitentiary came to general notice a short time ago through the discovery made by a banker convict that the institution was short many thousands of dollars in its accounts. But many people who know about prisons have been familiar with the evils of the western penitentiary, as a greater number are with the inhumanities and brutish systems of the eastern penitentiary of the same state.

The Ohio penitentiary, so long recognized in the state as wretchedly conducted, was described in a magazine of recent issue so that all the country might know of its atrocities. An exhibition of models of punishing mechanisms was suppressed by order of the governor. But to what purpose? These disgraces are coming out. The world can read of them and cry shame. Pennsylvania, Ohio and all other states which treat the convict as a beast instead of as a man with possibilities for reform and good must learn to mend their ideas.

J. J. Hill says the desertion of farms is the nation's peril. Evidently Mr. Hill does not expect much from the city men who dream of some day going back to the farm.

Harry Thaw's sister walked ten miles to appeal to Judge Mills in behalf of her brother's release from the asylum. But the judge simply acted on the theory that the walk had given the young woman good exercise.

THINGS TO LEARN.

It pleases Americans to remember how they led the world in invention, in wide and imaginative industrial projects and the swift application of scientific discovery to human use. It is flattering to our vanity to recall how Americans captured bridge contracts in Africa, because of methods of swift construction, flattering to know American superintendents are instructing Germans in the steel mills.

How small, how evanescent, these glories are can be learned by anyone who reads the technical periodicals and glances through the daily consular reports issued by the department of commerce and labor. Europe has taken the American victories as lessons. German competition is looming large in salemanship and in schooling and social experiment. In one factory district in Germany there is a technical university graduate to every 40 workmen. The Americans are teaching system and economy of operation and something possibly of metallurgy in the iron works, but when they have taught all they can they will be discarded as the English were discarded in the textile mills—after their knowledge was drained. A German steel expert who visited the Pittsburg district pronounced it "chaos." He was shocked by the altogether senseless disregard of the workmen's welfare. "These millionaires," he said, "cannot see beyond the monthly report to stockholders. We have nothing to fear of them." And as in Germany, so in England the American merely suggests the way. The British mills, after the bridge contract incident, remodeled their plants so the thing could not happen again. The occasional invasion of the shopping districts of London has had, apparently, no more permanent result than getting the British shopkeeper to advertise and to grab whatever other progressive ideas he can from the Yankee.

James J. Hill, a few days ago, warned us that unless the movement away from agriculture were stayed this country must soon be forced to import foodstuffs. The threat of German industrial predominance was a ruling influence in halting the radical slashing of tariff schedules in congress last winter. Americans are daring in ideas, gamblers in the willingness to take investment chances, but there are things to learn in industrial education, in the wise development of resources—and in conquering our self-satisfaction.

America's Corn Crop.

Philadelphia Press.

Uncle Sam's last figures indicate that this year's corn crop will amount to 2,648,000,000 bushels. This is a deterioration of over 300,000,000 bushels in one month, and puts an end to all talk about a bumper yield of corn in 1909. If these estimates shall prove to be accurate, the final crop will be 20,000,000 bushels under that of last year and 279,000,000 bushels less than the banner corn harvest of all time, which was in 1906.

But last year the best that Secretary Wilson could do on September 1 was to come within 78,000,000 bushels of the crop that was actually husked. If he underestimates to the same extent now, 1909 will beat 1908, for last year's September estimate was 53,000,000 bushels under the present prediction. In nearly all instances the forecasts fall short of results.

But now it is fairly certain that this country will shortly tuck away in the crib one of the half dozen biggest corn crops ever grown. And even if the yield shall fall a few millions below earlier expectations, it will be worth hundreds of millions of dollars more than any crop ever grown in any year in any other country.

Fighting Water Fires.

Milwaukee Sentinel.

It falls to the lot of few to set the river on fire, and, despite the tradition that the feat is the quickest way to fame, the names of those who have done it never seem to survive.

Rum is what many a man can, and does, set a river on fire is so true that invention has had to concern itself with means for putting out those very blazes.

They occur usually when petroleum, gasoline, or some other liquid hydrocarbons spread on the water's surface and happen to be ignited before their spread has too greatly broken up and thinned them. Whole ports, with their shipping, are endangered.

In Germany they have devised two solutions, which, mingling as they are poured, instantly raise a thick tenacious foam. One solution is composed of potash, alum and sodium sulphate; the other of sodium bicarbonate, sodium sulphate, and licorice root extract.

The soap-suds-appearance of the foam in reality covers an inert gas, which, spreading over the entire burning surface, acts as a blanket and instantly kills the flames for want of oxygen.

FLOATING POSTOFFICES

They Consist of a Raft, a Tin Box, a Flag and a Fee.

Vessels at sea have their own way of posting letters in old Neptune's care. A description of one of these floating postoffices is given in the Strand by the chief officer of the steamship Kaipara:

"A watertight tin contains the bag of letters all stamped with English stamps and sealed up, to which is attached a note with a donation for the finder. The tin is secured by a raft and dropped overboard, care being taken to drop the raft flat on the water, so as to keep the flag flying in order to attract attention.

"I have posted letters in this way several times when passing Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, and have met with success each time. There were 90 letters posted in various parts of the world in our last floating postoffice."

Religious Chickens.

Sayville Dispatch to N. Y. World.

Mrs. Nelson Sweezey, of this place, has a flock of what are known as "religious fowls," which answer to but one call or sound.

When Mrs. Sweezey wants to feed her fowls she gathers them together by whistling a familiar hymn—Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy—when the fowls will hasten to her side, knowing that temporal foods awaits them.

From mere chicks the Sweezey fowls have been thus fed, and they refuse to answer to the ordinary call of "chick, chick" which brings other flocks to the feeding place.

Where They Smoke in Church.

Columbus Evening Dispatch.

"I attended a novel church service at Atlantic City last week," said David Archer, of the state railroad commission, the other day. "It is a church at whose services only men are expected and attendants are permitted to smoke and lounge about as comfort may suggest while the services are in progress. Probably nowhere else in the country can such a service be seen. Pipes and cigars are the rule there. I suppose it would be hard to get such people as attend to do so if they were not permitted to do as they please. There has been some criticism of the church, but it goes right on. The Episcopalians are behind it."

Appropriate.

Harper's Weekly.

A clergyman went to have his teeth fixed by a dentist. When the work was done the dentist declined to accept more than a nominal fee. The parson, in return for this favor, insisted later on the dentist accepting a volume of the reverend gentleman's own writing. It was a disquisition on the Psalms, and on the fly leaf he had inscribed this appropriate inscription: "And my mouth shall show forth thy praise."

Philosophical James.

All the neighbors called him lazy,
But he didn't care a rap;
For their blame or for their praise he
Wouldn't give a finger-snap.
Didn't find their censure trying,
And to laugh he wasn't loath,
Both their wrath and scorn defying,
Spite of his accustomed sloth.

In the winter, snug and cozy,
Jim would doze beside the fire,
Life to him looked fair and rosy,
Satisfied his mild desire.
"Winter's cold and hard and cruel,"
Jim would say, with patient sigh,
While he piled the stove with fuel—
Fuel Jimmy didn't buy.

"What's the use of haste and worry?"
In the summertime he'd say,
"Didn't get here in a hurry,
Do not know how long we'll stay.
Doesn't pay to be a-frettin'
When the birds are singin' all;
Shade an' sun an' shine forgettin',
Maybe we won't live till fall."
—Chicago News.

SAVINGS BANKS

Will Soon Celebrate One Hundredth Anniversary.

New York "Tribune."

Next year the birth of the savings bank will receive due commemoration. The 100th anniversary of the first bank ever established to accept deposits in small amounts and to pay cumulative interest on them is to be celebrated in Scotland in May, 1910. This celebration, for which preparations are already making, will fix in the public mind the date of the actual beginning of one of those beneficial institutions.

There has indeed been some dispute as to when and where savings banks originated. A French writer has asserted that the idea dates back to Hughes Delestre, who proposed such an institution in 1610. An Austrian author, on the other hand, has insisted that a genuine savings bank existed in Brunswick in 1765. Similar institutions have been asserted to have been founded in Hamburg in 1798; in Berne, 1787; in Basle, in 1792, and in Geneva, 1794. None of these institutions, however, was in any respect like the modern savings bank. The Hamburg bank, for example, merely received the savings of domestic servants and other wage earners, and gave annuities to the members of its association when they reached a certain age.

The English have long maintained that the system of savings banks dates from the schemes of the Rev. Joseph Smith and Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield. The former, in 1798, while stationed in the parish of Wendover, offered to receive from members of his congregation any sum from two pence up, to be returned at Christmas with one-third of the whole added as interest. Thus was initiated a little co-operative bank, which was carried on for several years, with generally about 60 subscribers, who deposited from five to 10 pounds every season.

The English village of Tottenham was the scene of Mrs. Wakefield's philanthropic scheme, which was started in 1799 for the benefit of women and children. It was arranged that members according to their age, should pay certain sums each month, entitling them to a pension after 60 years of age. This was really, therefore, a deferred annuity bank, closely resembling the system of voluntary old-age pensions issued by savings banks, as lately authorized by the legislature of Massachusetts. In 1801 there was added a fund from which loans were made to those who had been members for six months, and a department for receiving savings on which 5 per cent was paid. This Tottenham bank, in 1804, was regularly organized under the name of the "charitable bank."

The first comprehensive plan for a national savings bank system was urged in 1807 by Samuel Witbread, the Whig reformer, who in supporting his "poor law amendments bill" made an eloquent appeal for safe and profitable investments of the earnings of the poor. He proposed an institution that should not only take care of their savings and pay interest on them, but which should insure their lives, their household effects and care for their old age. His conception of the savings bank as an institution parallel to the church and the school house is similar to that which has recently grown up in somt ports of the United States.

England early witnessed the appearance of numerous small charitable associations and institutions, which undertook to invest the savings of their members. The first modern savings bank, however, was the one for whose 100th anniversary preparations are now being made. This was originated by Henry Duncan, a Presbyterian clergyman of Dumfriesshire, Scotland, a friend of Thomas Carlyle and of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, who throughout his active life was interested in the various schemes of practical benevolence. In 1810, after he had already set forth his views on the subject in The Dumfries Courier, he established the Ruthwell Savings bank. His purpose, as expressed in a memoir published by his son in 1858, was to induce the mass of people of his time to realize the value of the little savings which, by economy, could be put away.

The Dumfries community of lowland Scotch was a good one in which to start such a scheme. During the first year savings to an amount of 150 pounds were deposited in the Ruthwell Savings bank, and in the next two years, 171 pounds and 241 pounds, respectively. By 1814 the deposits amount to 922 pounds.

Man and His Ways.

Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Gottlieb Bernhardt, an aged German resident at Hales Corners, believes in the power of illustration. Mr. Bernhardt owns property on Seventeenth avenue, near Burnham street. He purposes to erect a house on his lot. The city intends to change the grade of the street and also the alley to which the Bernhardt property extends. The aged owner endeavored to explain to the board of public works in German and broken English what information he wanted to know. The commissioners could not satisfactorily grasp his meaning. Out of his coat pocket he pulled a handkerchief which contained a small wooden model that minutely illustrated precisely what Mr. Bernhardt wanted to know. The model was cut out by himself with a jackknife, showed the present height of the street and alley and marks indicating what the city intends to do to the thoroughfares. The location for the house was shown by a small square. Not a cut or mark was lacking on the model and it required but a moment's scrutinizing by the commissioners to understand that Mr. Bernhardt wanted to know. The model is regarded as a unique illustration and the commissioners asked Mr. Bernhardt to present his work to their department when he is through with its services.

Catching Fish in an Umbrella.

St. Lucie Tribune.

A novel method of catching mullet was practiced lately by John J. Jandreau, of Fort Pierce.

While at the inlet last Monday, accompanied by his wife and little girl, he noticed a considerable number of large mullet feeding in a small creek. He built a dam across the mouth of this creek and then little Miss Jandreau, barefooted, splashed about in the water; the fish, becoming panicstricken, ran for deep water.

Coming to the dam they leaped over it and fell into open silk umbrellas held by Mr. and Mrs. Jandreau. There seemed to be no limit to the number to be caught in this manner, but only enough for present consumption were taken, and now his family and their friends can always have fresh fish.

Bird Seeks Boy's Aid.

Yorkshire Post.

A story of a thrush, chased by a hawk, seeking human protection, is told by a Ripon grammar school boy named A. W. Mason. He says: "While sitting on a wall at night, with a gun beside me, watching for some rabbits coming out of their holes, I suddenly felt something sitting on my arm, and looking up I saw a hawk hovering quite near my head, and a poor little thrush was sitting on my hand, so terrified that it was nearly dead.

"I waited till the hawk flew away with fright at me. The little thrush soon revived and flew away unhurt."

A Division of Labor.

London News.

The following dialogue at the Bow county court today deserves to be recorded:

Witness—"One day I had some shrimps to sell and I asked the plaintiff to help me. He said 'I can't push the barrow because my arm is bad but if you like I'll come along with you and holler.'"

Counsel—"Why was that?"

Witness—"Well, it's like this, sir. A man can often shout when he can't shove."

Varieties

Mercury freezes at minus 40 degrees centigrade.

In Norway those who are not vaccinated may not vote.

New York city consumes $54,000 worth of tea and coffee each day.

In June British imports increased by $28,000,000 and exports by $13,000,000.

The mayor of Baltimore says that one good light is worth a dozen policemen.

Dairy maids in Denmark get from about $4 to $9, with board and lodging, a month.

More than $50,000,000 worth of soap is made and sold in the United States every year.

The only precious stones of considerable value produced in India are the ruby and jadeite.

An official estimate places the number of dairy cows in the United States at 21,000,000.

The first biblical illustrative art consisted in the symbolic frescoes of the Catacombs.

Cheap labor has been the principal handicap in introducing modern machinery in India.

Berlin now has a population of two millions. A greater Berlin would include another million.

Lightning which struck his kite recently killed a Norwegian scientist who was emulating Franklin.

The first printed Green Testaments were those of Erasmus, published at Basel by Froben in 1516.

Alexander mutilated the dead, that the sight of them might be as horrible to the enemy as possible.

Berlin has about a hundred factories for linen goods—40 more than the kingdom of Saxony.

More coal is mined by machinery, in proportion to the total ouput, in Ohio than in any other state.

The earliest Bible pictures were painted on the church walls instead of being bound between the book covers.

The revenue of the commonwealth of Australia for the last financial year was $71,750,000, a decrease of $3,325,000.

According to a government report, 3,600,000 cattle die every year in this country from disease, exposure and neglect.

Brackets to lock milk bottles to sides of doorways have been invented by a resident of New Jersey, to defy thieves.

Some varieties of rice ripen in two months after planting, while others require up to six months of cultivation.

In some of the public schools of Connecticut a course of agriculture has been introduced in some of the higher grades.

During the last year the population of Germany increased by 896,000 persons to 63,886,000, according to official statistics.

An expert on the great western ranches can shear 100 sheep a day easily. There are about 20,000,000 to shear.

Ohio produced 26,270,639 short tons of coal last year, a decrease from the previous year's output of about 12.17 per cent.

Skimmed milk has been proved a valuable food for laying hens, according to experiments at the Virginia experiment station.

A Rugby (England) laborer named John Rimmer is stated to have gone about with his neck broken for more than three months.

Lightning kills one-half of those it strikes, while a few of the survivors are rendered blind, deaf, dumb or partially paralyzed.

The Japanese are beginning to appreciate American dentistry. All of their most expert dentists got their training in this country.

A Hoboken man accused of giving his wife only $22 in 22 years declared in justification, that she had never asked for more.

Alaska has 4,000 miles of waterways navigable for steamers, of which about 2,700 miles are included in the Yukon river and its tributaries.

Petticoated and wearing women's hats, six poachers appeared on grouse shooting lands in County Derby (Ireland) and shot freely all day.

Seventy thousand Americans will settle this year on 20,000 to 25,000 farms in the Canadian northwest and take with them a wealth of $70,000,000.

The "Place-makers' Bible" is so called from a typographical error which makes Matt. v. 9, read: "Blessed are the place-makers" instead of peacemakers.

Mrs. John Rogers, says the Columbia (Mo.) Tribune, knocked her husband off a wagon with a brick when he drove by the house with another woman.

Eleven persons are killed or injured on the railways of India every 24 hours. The number killed and injured last year was double that of the year 1904.

New York city has been increasing its birth rate for the last ten years. For the 12 months just passed it has been 28 to the thousand inhabitants.

As a rule, no Sunday is observed among laborers in Japan, but the first and fifteenth of every month and every local and national holiday are their days of rest.

There are 251 postal savings banks in operation in the Philippines with 8,408 depositors and $717,000 on deposit. Filipino depositors number 4,591 and Americans 3,375.

It is estimated that 112,000 adult males in New York city make a living by "their wits," without in any sense being an economic factor aiding in production or distribution.

In recent trials of the Pollak-Virag high-speed telegraph between Berlin and Konigsberg, a distance of 430 miles, 2,800 distinctly recorded words were transmitted in five minutes.

The annual report of the Montreal harbor commissioners says that Montreal is now handling a greater volume of business monthly than any other North American port except New York.

Imports at the port of New York are growing rapidly, showing an increase of from 35 to 50 per cent over the values of a year ago. Receipts of from $

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

From the latest Paris and New York Styles.

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

2853—Ladies' Tucked Shirt-Waist, with shoulder yoke. Pale blue mercerized poplin was used for this pretty waist. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2837—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with front yoke and three-quarter length sleeves. Natural colored pongee, or taffetas in any pretty shade makes this a charming model. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2151—Girls' Sailor Suit, consisting of a blouse slipped on over the head, with or without yoke facing, and a one-piece plaited skirt joined to an underwaist having a shield facing. Serge or flannel are the best mediums for this style. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

2838—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with elbow sleeves. A good model for heavy linen, pique, duck or serge. 6 sizes—4 to 14 years.

2247—Ladies' Seven-Gored Plaited Skirt, closed at left side of front and in ankle length. Adaptable to voile, mohair, serge or Panama cloth. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2741—Misses' Eight-Gored Plaited Skirt, closing with buttons down the front. Navy blue voile was used for this stylish model. 6 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1696—Ladies' Four-Gored Petticoat Skirt, lengthened by a dust ruffle and with or without tucked flounce. Any of the sheer white materials or taffetas are adaptable to this skirt. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2320—Girls' Coat with kimono armholes. Tan covert cloth was used for this dainty little model. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3038—Ladies' Coat, in 54 or 40-inch length. Adaptable to any of the season's coatings. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

2875—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, with Gulmpe. Black broadcloth was used for this stylish model being trimmed with black and gold banding, the guimpe of cream colored net. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2944—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Dutch neck. Adaptable to heavy linen, duck, madras or pongee. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2406—Ladies' Tailored Shirt or Shirt Waist, with or without yoke facing. Adaptable to any of the season's shirtings. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2758—Girls' Dress with high or low neck and long or elbow sleeves. Challis, cashmere or mohair develop well in this model. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

3034—Girls' Dress, consisting of a blouse and a separate plaited skirt. The waist of this dress was of white linen, the skirt of black-and-white shepherds plaid. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

3027—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt. A good model for every-day wear which will develop well in almost any of the season's suitings. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2979—Misses' Five-Gored Skirt, closing at left side-back seam, having plaited flounces. Adaptable to voile, taffetas, serge, mohair or broadcloth. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2774—Boys' Russian Suit, consisting of a blouse closing at right side of front and having sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands, and knickerbockers. Mohair, serge or flannel are adaptable to this little model. 5 sizes—2 to 6 years.

1792—Ladies' Dressing Sack, with loose fronts and semi-fitting back. Pink-and-white striped flannel was used for this sack. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

3021—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in 42-inch length. Broadcloth or any of the mixed worsteds develop well in coats of this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2966—Ladies' Semi-Princess Dress, closing at left side of front, having an attached nine-gored skirt, a removable chemisette and long or three-quarter sleeves. Navy blue eolienne was used for this pretty model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

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Write for our book, A Fair Customer, and price list sealed.

HOPE, TAFT'S KEYNOTE

Declares It His Purpose to Fulfill All of His Pledges.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—President Taft opened his speechmaking in the west last night with a reiteration of his campaign promises to the trades unions. Before an enthusiastic audience that filled Orchestra hall he declared that at the next session of congress he would seek legislation in conformity with the celebrated "injunction plank" of the Republican platform, which was one of the chief bones of contention at the national convention last summer.

In vigorous phrases that were punctuated with applause, he called attention to the necessity for reform in court procedure, saying that "the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization." He suggested remedies, chief of which was the idea of a commission enpowered to devise a system that would secure rapid and inexpensive justice to litigants in the federal courts.

The speech was in part as follows:

"It is just about a year ago tonight that I made a speech in this hall to some 1,800 members of the railroad labor organizations, in which I attempted to convince them that there was nothing in my decisions as a circuit judge in labor injunction cases which ought to make them vote against me for the presidency. It was a critical time in the campaign. There was hardly another speech in my campaign of greater importance to me than that one. In view of the result of the election I look back upon it now with especial interest. This hall, therefore, suggests one of the subjects upon which I shall speak to you.

Remembers His Promises.

"I said that I expected to recommend to congress, if I were elected, that interstate railroads be required to adopt any additional devices found useful for the purpose of saving from loss of life or limb employes engaged in the dangerous business of railroading. I also said that I favored the adoption of legislation looking to a proper definition of the cases in which preliminary injunctions might issue without notice and defining the proper procedure in such matters. I have not forgotten my own promises. I propose in the next session of congress to recommend the legislation on the subject of injunction which was promised in the Republican platform, and to see whether by such legislation it is not possible to avoid even a few cases of abuses that can be cited against the federal courts in the exercise of their jurisdiction.

Favors Labor Unions.

"I know there is an element among employers of labor and investors of capital which is utterly opposed to the organization of labor. I cannot sympathize with this element in the slightest degree. I think it is a wise course for laborers to unite to defend their interests. It is a wise course for them to provide a fund by which, should occasion arise and strikes or lockouts follow, those who lose their places may be supported pending an adjustment of the difficulties. I think the employer who declines to deal with organized labor and to recognize it as a proper element in the settlement of wage controversies is behind the times. There is not the slightest doubt that if labor had remained unorganized wages would be very much lower.

"There is a higher standard of living among American laborers than in any country in the world, and while there have doubtless been a good many other reasons for this, certainly the effect of the organization of labor has been to maintain a steady and high rate of wages, making such a standard of living possible.

Freedom for Worker.

"Nothing I have said or shall say should be construed into an attitude of criticism against those workingmen who, for any reason, do not join unions. All advantages of trades unionism, great as they are, cannot weigh a feather in the scale against the right of any man lawfully seeking employment to work for whom and at what price he will.

"Of course, when organized labor permits itself to sympathize with violent methods, with breaches of the law, with boycotts and other methods of undue duress, it is not entitled to our sympathy. One notable defect that has been pointed out has been in the disposition of the majority of members in labor unions to fail to recognize the difference between the highly skilled and very industrious workman and the one less skilled and less industrious. I think that there is a movement among trades unions themselves to correct this leveling tendency, and nothing could strengthen the movement more than the adoption of some plan by which there should remain among union workmen the impetus and motive to be found in the greater reward for greater skill and greater industry.

Socialism a Menace.

"In France the trades unions are intensely socialistic. The tendency towards socialism in England's trades unionism is growing stronger. I need not point out the deplorable results in this country if trades unionism became a synonym for socialism. Those who are now in active control, the Federation of Labor and all the great railroad organizations, have set their faces like flint against the propaganda of socialistic principles.

"There is no subject upon which I feel so deeply as upon the necessity for reform in the administration of both civil and criminal law. To sum it all up in one phrase, the difficulty in both is undue delay. It is not too much to say that the administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization, and that the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice. It is chiefly due to the system against which it is impossible for an earnest prosecutor and an efficient judge to struggle.

Power of Judge.

"In this country we have generally altered the relation of the judge to the jury. In England the judge controls the trial. In this country there seems to have been on the part of all state legislatures a fear of the judge and not of the jury and the power which he exercises in an English court has by legislation been reduced from time to time until now, and this is especially true in western states, he has hardly more power than the moderator in a religious assembly. The tendency of legislation is to throw the reins on the back of the jury and to let them follow their own sweet will, influenced by all the arts of counsel for the defendant in leading them away from the real points at issue, and in awakening their emotions of pity for the defendant in forgetfulness of the wrongs of the prosecuting witness or it may be of the deceased, and of the rights of society to be protected against crime; and all these defects are emphasized in the delays which occur in the trials—delays made necessary because the trials take so great a time. A murder case in England will be disposed of in a day or two days that here will take three weeks or a month, and no one can say, after an examination of the record in England, that the rights of the defendant have not been preserved and that justice has not been done.

Appeal in England.

"It is true that in England they have enlarged the procedure to the point of allowing an appeal from a judgment in a criminal case to a court of appeals, but this appeal is usually taken and allowed in only a few questions easily considered by the court above and promtly decided. Counsel are not permitted to mouse through the record to find errors that in the trial seemed of little account, but that are developed into great injustices in the court of appeal. This is another defect of our procedure. No criminal is content with a judgment of the court below, and well may he not be, because the record of reversals is so great as to encourage it in every case and to hang important judgments in appellate proceedings some times for years.

"I don't know when the reforms are to be brought about in this country. Until our people shall become fully aware and in some concrete way be made to suffer from the escape of criminals from just judgment in this country, the system may continue. One of the methods by which it could be remedied in some degree is to give judges more power in the trial of criminal cases and enable them to aid the jury in its consideration of facts and to exercise more control over the arguments that counsel see fit to advance.

Trial Is a Game.

"The trial here is a game in which the advantage is with the criminal and, if he wins, he seems to have the sympathy of a sporting public. On the civil side of the courts there is undue delay, and this always works for the benefit of the man with the longest purse.

"I conceive that the situation is now ripe for the appointment of a commission by congress to take up the question of the law's delays in the federal courts and to report a system which shall not only secure quick and cheap justice to the litigants in the federal courts, but shall offer a model to the legislatures and courts of the states, by the use of which they can themselves institute reforms.

"Of all the questions that are before the American people I regard no one as more important than this, to wit: the improvement of the administration of justice. We must make it so that the poor man will have as nearly as possible an opportunity in litigation as the rich man, and, under present conditions, ashamed as we may be of it, this is not the fact."

CUBA HAS BIG SUGAR CROP

Output Will Be More Than Million and Half Tons.

New York, Sept. 17.—Cuba will harvest 1,600,000 tons of sugar this year—the largest crop in the history of the island—according to the prediction of Marcelino Diaz de Villegas, Cuban minister of finance, in an interview published today in a Spanish newspaper of this city. Last year's crop amounted to 940,130 tons.

The visiting official discusses optimistically the economic situation of Cuba, saying that, in his belief, few countries could have emerged from extreme vicissitudes as triumphantly as has the "Queen of the Antilles."

An increase in the value of stocks, he points out, augurs for the continued stability of the present government and the rise of industry.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY.

By request we reprint the following: I read a recent article where a party invested $620 in improving a Mexican homestead and is now getting a regular income of over $1,200 a year from the sale of bananas. I am glad to say that I know this can be done. You can get a Homestead in Mexico, free, and do not have to live on it. All that is required is to have 1,000 banana trees planted within five years, and the Improvement Department will prepare the land, supply and plant the trees and care for them until they come into bearing, for about $600. You can pay this in installments of $5 a month, and in three years after your trees are planted, they will bring you a profit of more than $1,500 each year, if you superintend the work; but if you wish, the Improvement Department will care for the trees and market your bananas continuously, so you will not have to be in Mexico at all; they get one-third of the crop for attending to and marketing the bananas. This will give you a profit of more than $1,000 a year, from an investment of about $600. If you act as your own superintendent you can make $500 a year more. I know this from my own experience. It is a delightful country, never hot, never cold, and the health conditions are perfect. For full information address THE JANTHA PLANTATION CO., Block 309, Pittsburg, Pa., as all English literature pertaining to these free Mexican Homesteads is distributed from Pittsburg.

SOLDIER A NOMAD NOW

Every Day Some Part of Army Is on the Move.

Washington, Sept. 20.—The prospective orders for the detail of new regiments to the Philippines, to take the place of those now there, which will be issued when General Bell, chief of staff, returns to Washington, caused an army officer reflectively to remark that "every day in the year some part of the American army is on the move. It is like a boiling pot," he said. "The army, as an institution, remains stationary, but the contents keep moving all the time."

The soldiers' term of service in the foreign possessions of the United States is limited to two years. This, however, does not include the time occupied in going and coming, which, with the modern transports of today, is relieved of much of the discomfort and hardship suffered years ago. Two years' of service has been found by nations having soldiers detailed in the tropics to be about all that white men can stand without suffering mental and physicial deterioration.

Like Service in Islands.

The American soldier, as a rule, likes the Philippine service, not only because of its foreign character, but for the reason that he gets extra pay for that detail and it counts double in computing time of service for retirement. Travel and the prospect of seeing new things pleases him also. Three-fifths of the approximately 80,000 enlisted men in the army who are stationed within the territorial limits of the United States are located in more than 150 posts, some of them in the centers of population and others on the frontier and in remote corners, with the men in charge changing in numbers from a dozen caretakers for ungarrisoned posts to a regiment or more in thickly populated sections.

In the Philippines the men are much more scattered and in locations that are not so easily accessible as in the United States.

Hawaii Most Popular.

Hawaii is the most popular of all the foreign stations. It affords an ideal location for an army post, but the soldiers there feel the lack of a nearby city of any pretentions, the main relief from army routine being the arrival and departure of the ships.

"The lot of the soldier today," said a well known army officer who has risen from the ranks, "is far in advance of what it was when I was a private. Frontier posts are not so isolated, communications are easier, opportunities for personal advancement and improvement intellectually have increased and in many other ways army life is at a higher level and the soldier is, in every way, far in advance of the private soldier of the European armies."

AVIATOR FALLS INTO WATER

Paulhan Flies 45 Miles in Hour at Height of 300 Feet.

Ostend, Sept 18.—Louis Paulhan, the French aviator, flying in a Voisin biplane here today, won a prize of $5,000. He covered 73 kilometres, 43 1-3 miles, in one hour at an altitude ranging from 240 to 300 feet. He made his way up and down the coast line, part of the time over the North sea. In alighting the aviator fell into the water. He was promptly rescued by spectators, however, and sustained no injury.

TAFT STANDS BY ROOSEVELT IDEAS

Reform in Business Methods Must Continue, He Tells Boston.

Boston, Sept. 15.—Reiterating with striking force his intention to adhere to the Roosevelt policies, especially in so far as the anti-trust legislation is concerned, President Taft held 2,000 representative men of Boston in rapt attention in Mechanics' hall last night. It was his first public address since the adjournment of congress, and struck the keynote of the many that he is to give on the 13,000 mile trip which last night's banquet inaugurated.

Significant above the many subjects he touched on was that expressed in the following words:

"During Mr. Roosevelt's administration we were all struck with the necessity for reform in business methods, for more scrupulous attention to the conduct of business in accordance with law, and for the necessity of simplifying the law in such way as to make it clear to corporate managers what they can do and what they cannot do.

On Eve of Expansion.

"We are, I believe, unless all signs fail, on the eve of another great business expansion, an era of prosperity. Indeed, it is already here in many branches of business. The hum of prosperity and the ecstacy of great profits are likely to dull our interest in these reforms and to lead us back again to the old abuses, unless we insist upon legislation which shall clinch and enforce those standards by positive law. Nothing revolutionary, nothing disturbing to regular business is needed; but we must set the marks clear in the statutes by which the lines may be drawn and the proper legitimate paths be laid down upon which all business shall proceed, and must have it understood by means of prompt prosecution and a punishment that the law is for all and is to be enforced even against the most powerful."

Scores Governor Johnson.

Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, came in for a large share of Mr. Taft's attention in his address. The President said that an attitude such as Governor Johnson took at Seattle, a call for the west to unite itself against the east, was hardly worthy of serious consideration. He said that the prosperity of the entire country was more pronounced in the west than in the east. It takes but a panic or two, he said, to show that all sections of the country are in the same business boat. Any effort to make a cleavage, for political purposes, he declared, would but result in the confusion of the fathers of such effort.

Much of the President's address was devoted to questions which are likely to come before congress this fall. He dwelt particularly upon the monetary question and the part that Senator Aldrich is playing in that work. He said in part:

"Your chairman has made some reference to a number of subjects to which the attention of congress may well be directed. In the first place, there is the monetary situation. The matter has been referred by congress to a monetary commission, which has been studying the financial and banking systems of Europe, and will soon publish accounts of the financial systems of the world.

Central Bank Planned.

"It is quite apparent, from the statements of Mr. Vreeland, who is now the head of the committee on banking and currency in the house of representatives, and from the conversations of Mr. Aldrich, who is the chairman of the monetary commission and of the finance committee of the senate, that the trend of the minds of the monetary commission is toward some sort of government for a central bank of issue, which shall control the reserve and exercise a power to meet and control the casual stringency which from time to time will come in the circulating medium of the country and the world. Mr. Aldrich states that there are two indispensable requirements in any plan to be adopted involving a central bank of issue. The one is that the control of the monetary system shall be kept free from Wall street influence, and the other that it shall not be manipulated for political purposes."

GOT FEES FROM ENTRYMEN

New York, Sept. 16.—The hearing in therequisition proceedings by the federal authorities of Wyoming against Wilberforce Sully and George Daily, this city, and Rufus T. Ireland and Frank T. Wells, of Amityville, L. I., indicted for conspiring to defraud the government out of valuable coal lands by dummy entrymen at Lander, Wyoming,was continued yesterday before United States Commissioner Hitchcock. Ireland described the formation of the Owl Creek Coal company and the circumstances that led up to it. He admitted that he received a percentage for acting for the entrymen in forming the company. But neither Wilberforce Sully nor Alfred Sully, he said, had ever been stockholders in the company, although he admitted that Mrs. Myton, the sister of Alfred Sully, had acquired 2,500 shares by purchase; that she had paid the money, about $20,000, for the entrymen, and that she had loaned the company $40,000 with which to begin operations.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE

Agrees With Him About Food.

A trained nurse says: "In the practice of my profession I have found so many points in favor of Grape-Nuts food that I unhesitatingly recommend it to all my patients.

"It is delicate and pleasing to the palate (an essential in food for the sick and can be adapted to all ages, being softened with milk or cream for babies or the aged when deficiency of teeth renders mastication impossible. For fever patients or those on liquid diet I find 'Grape-Nuts and albumen water very nourishing and refreshing.'

"This recipe is my own idea and is made as follows: Soak a teaspoonful of Grape-Nuts in a glass of water for an hour, strain and serve with the beaten white of an egg and a spoonful of fruit juice for flavouring. This affords a great deal of nourishment that even the weakest stomach can assimilate without any distress.

"My husband is a physician and he uses Grape-Nuts himself and orders it many times for his patients.

"Personally, I regard a dish of Grape-Nuts, with fresh or stewed fruit, as the ideal breakfast for anyone—well or sick."

In any case of stomach trouble, nervous prostration or brain fag, a 10-day trial of Grape-Nuts will work wonders toward nourishing and rebuilding and in this way ending the trouble.

"There's a Reason," and trial proves.

Look in pkgs. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

BALLINGER UPHELD

Taft Orders the Discharge of Subordinate Who Criticised.

Washington, Sept 16.—President Taft upholds Secretary Ballinger in his conduct of the interior department, vindicates him of the charges made against him by a subordinate and authorizes him to dismiss the man who made the charges.

It was L. R. Glavis, chief of the field division of the general land office, who attacked Secretary Ballinger for his connection with the Cunningham coal land claims in Alaska and his charges put Mr. Ballinger in the light of opposing the conservation of resources policy formulated by Roosevelt and endorse by Taft.

Indirectly, Gifford Pinchot, chief forester, is involved in this case, for he, too, has been hostile to Ballinger, and it is a question whether he will be able to retain his position with the administration.

Says Glavis Insinuates.

President Taft has made his decision known in a letter to Secretary Ballinger, in which he says:

"On the eighteenth day of August last Mr. L. R. Glavis, chief of the field division of the general land office, with headquarters at Seattle, Wash., called upon me here and submitted a statement or report relating to the conduct of the interior department and particularly to the action of yourself, Assistant Secretary Pierce, Commissioner of the General Land Office Dennett and Chief of Field Service Schwartz, in reference to the so-called Cunningham group of coal land claims in Alaska. Mr. Glavis' report does not formulate his charges against you and the others, but by insinuation and innuendo, as well as by direct averment, he does charge that each one of you, while a public officer, has taken steps to aid the Cunningham claimants to secure patents based on claims that you know, or have reason to believe, are fraudulent and unlawful.

"I have examined the whole record most carefully and have reached a very definite conclusion. It is impossible for me in announcing this conclusion to accompany it with a review of the charges and the evidence on both sides. It is sufficient to say that the case attempted to be made by Mr. Glavis embraces only shreds of suspicions without any substantial evidence to sustain the attack."

The President says Mr. Glavis undoubtedly acted in good faith, but delayed his action. "Mr. Glavis," says the President, "seeks by quoting from a single telegram in the department to show that at one time the department wished to delay him in his investigations of the Alaska claims, and at another time unduly to hurry him; and he attempts to prove these two circumstances by citing telegrams and correspondence without disclosing other circumstances and correspondence which he knew or had under his control, and which do show an entirely proper reason for the action which, in each case, was directed to be taken.

"In other words, the reading of the whole record leaves no doubt that in his zeal to convict yourself, Acting Secretary Pierce, Commissioner Dennett and Mr. Schwartz, he did not give me the benefit of information which he had that would have thrown light on the transaction, showing them to be consistent with an impartial attitude on your part toward the claims in question.

"The great responsibility of cabinet positions demands the selection therefor of men of the highest character and integrity. Possession of these qualities, as well as an ability and experience which especially fitted you to direct the affairs of the department of the interior, warranted your appointment as secretary. Duty to the country, to you, and to myself, requires that any aspersion upon the propriety of your acts or those of your subordinates be promptly met and carefully considered, to the end that if justified, proper remedy may be applied, and if not, that it may be publicly refuted."

MEXICO'S NNREST

Agitation Normal and Not Revolutionary, Says an American Scholar.

New York, Sept. 18.—Dr. L. S. Rowe, of the University of Pennsylvania and chairman of the American delegation to the recent Pan-American congress, arrived yesterday on the steamer Mexica, from Vera Cruz. He made an extended tour through Mexico to study the political organization of the country and the present political situation.

"The agitation and policitical unrest throughout Mexico," said Dr. Rowe, "far from being an indication of approaching revolution, is, in reality, a sign of real political progress.

"For the first time in the history of the country, one of the highest elective offices—that of vice president—is being made the subject of public discussion. This awakening of the people to a sense of civil obligation and to an appreciation of their political power is the best guarantee that the Mexican people are now being rapidly prepared for the maintenance of a stable government on a far more democratic basis than has hitherto been possible.

Ruled by an Oligarchy.

"The advancing age of President Diaz has aroused the country to the necessity of preparing for a time when he will be compelled to relinquish the reins of government. When he assumed the presidency Mexico lacked anything corresponding to a middle class. Political power was concentrated in a small group of leaders, whose personal wishes constituted the will of the nation.

"Mexico, although a republic in form, was in reality an advanced type of political oligarchy. Below the privileged few was the great mass of the illiterate, constituting 90 per cent of the total population, and entirely unconscious of their political rights or their political obligations. The industrial and agricultural development of he past 25 years has worked a marked change in the social organization of the country. In the cities and towns a real middle class is rapidly being formed, prepared to take an active part in the political life of the country and anxious to do so.

Movement Is Normal.

"It seems unfortunate that the perfectly normal and fundamentally healthful situation should be interpreted in the United States as an indication that Mexico is again approaching a period of prolonged political disturbances. Such an interpretation is as erroneous as it is unfair to the Mexicans. It is possible that with the more vigorous political life of the country election disturbances will occur, but it is well for us not to forget that our own country is by no means free from such evils, and that but a few years ago such disturbances were the rule rather than the exception.

"In spite of the almost unlimited power that he has wielded, President Diaz has had constantly in mind this necessity of preparing the country for a more vigorous democratic life. The great effort that is being made to educate the masses has had this end in view."

HORRIBLY BURNED

By Boiling Grease—Skin All Came Off One Side of Baby's Face—Thought Her Disfigured for Life.

USED CUTICURA; NO SCAR LEFT

"My baby was sitting beside the fender and we were preparing the breakfast when the frying-pan full of boiling grease was upset and it went all over one side of her face and head. Someone wiped the scald with a towel, pulling the entire skin off. We took her to a doctor. He tended her a week and gave me some stuff to put on. But it all festered and I thought the baby was disfigured for life. I used about three boxes of Cuticura Ointment and it was wonderful how it healed. In about five weeks it was better and there wasn't a mark to tell where the scald had been. Her skin is just like velvet. Mrs. Hare, 1, Henry St., South Shields, Durham, England, March 22, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

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Just write us and we will send you absolutely **FREE**, by return mail, postpaid, a large outfit containing a big variety of cloth samples, fashion figures, tape measure, order blanks, etc., everything **FREE**, and we **WILL START YOU IN A PAYING BUSINESS. A most liberal offer on a suit for yourself** that will make you wonder. Terms, conditions and privileges that will astonish you. We will name you so much lower prices on men's fine clothing that it will surprise you.

WE WANT A LIVE AGENT in your town. You can make from $20 to $30 clear every week. Be sure to write us before we get an agent in your town—you will get a wonderful offer. As soon as we get an agent in your town he will get profits on every dollar we sell in his territory. **WE TURN ALL OUR BUSINESS OVER TO HIM.** That's why our agents make so much money. If you want a suit for yourself **ANSWER QUICK**, before we get an agent in your town; then you will get all of our great inducements. If you would like to be our agent, tell us all about yourself. Address, Dept. 29 **AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO., Chicago, Ill.**

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FINE WHISKEY

Write us promptly and thereby place yourself in position to receive

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of the best Straight Whiskey made.

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Address

LADIES $1000 Reward! I positively guarantee my French Tonic. Successful "MONTHLY" Remedy, safely relieves some of the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days. No harm, pain or interference with work. MAIL $1.50. Double Strength $2.50. DR. B. D. SOUTHINGTON CO., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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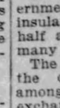
WANTED Soldiers who homesteaded less than 160 acres before June 23, 1874, are entitled to enough more land to equal 160 acres, no matter whether original entry was abandoned, relinquished or patented. Widows and other heirs are entitled. Describe fully your homestead entry. I will pay spot cash for these claims. Address (Comrade) W. E. MOSES, 433 Jacobson Bldg., Denver, Col.

SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS

OPIUM or Morphine Habit Treated. Free trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, specially desired. Confidential. Dr. R. G. CONTRELL, successor to HARRIS INSTITUTE, Room 551 W. 23d St., New York

WANTED—Census office clerks, railway mail clerks, city carriers, postoffice clerks; examinations everywhere November 17; $600 to $1,600 yearly; short hours; annual vacation; salary twice monthly; over 10,000 appointments to be made during 1909; country and city residents equally eligible; common education sufficient; political influence unnecessary; candidates coached free. Write immediately for schedule. Franklin Institute, Dept. K 85, Rochester, N. Y.



WANTED! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instructions by Mail. Send for application blank. Give age, and name position. I. Railway C. I. No. 38. Indianapolis, Ind.

WHY SUFFER WITH KIDNEY TROUBLE? Send 15c to Carr Drug Co., Muncie, Indiana, and get full-sized 50c box Kaskers Kidney Tablets. They cure backache in 24 hours. Quick relief; speedy cure for all kidney, bladder troubles and bedwetting.

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Toledo Hospital, Toledo, O., 139 beds, offers 3 years' course training; exceptional opportunity; all uniforms furnished; third year $5 per month. Applications being now received for fall class. Apply Miss Clara G. Williams, Superintendent.

Sell Tobacco and Cigars—Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary; we give full instructions. Address Morgan Tobacco Works, Box D 26, Danville, Virginia.

$2.70 Cash and Dinner Set free for distributing catalogues, etc., for a big Chicago mail order house. Globe, 1200 State St., Chicago.

TEXAS Gulf Coast, New booklet, "Facts," giving rainfall by months, schools, roads, cost of living, building material, crop yields, etc. The advantages and disadvantages of Texas. Sent upon receipt of 10c. Statistic Dept., Southwestern Land Development Co., 1005 Capitol av., Houston, Tex.

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AGENTS—See our new selling plan; doubles your sales and profits; easy to sell 45 articles with one sample. Write for particulars and $3 free offer. Fair Mfg. Co., Box 285, Racine, Wis.

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LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS—EARN $25 TO $100 A WEEK. PROSPECTUS SENT FREE. PAGE-DAVIS CO., 22 PAGE BLDG., CHICAGO.

BEAUTIFUL NEW SONG—Boys in Blue Are Growing Old; 12 pretty Folk songs; valuable shoe cream formula, 68c. E. O. Russell, Publisher, Grand Ledge, Michigan.

WE HAVE a few good farms, well improved, for $40 to $60 per acre in Stark Co., O., near Alliance and Canton. For further information address, with stamp, W. E. Marshall, Alliance, Ohio, R. 2.

MEN AND WOMEN make big money selling our household specialty. Best repeat order getter on the market. Don't delay. Write at once. FITCH CHEMICAL CO., Bay City, Mich.

California land for sale. Farms, hop, fruit and stock ranches. Add. Fred C. Smith, Ukiah, Cal.

HALF TON OF OPIUM SEIZED

Manilla, Sept. 20.—The insular government will soon ship to the bureau of insular affairs at Washington nearly half a ton of opium, the proceeds of many customs seizures.

The government plans to dispose of the opium for medicinal purposes among drug manufacturers, receiving in exchange medicine for hospitals, dispensaries and other government institutions in the Philippines. The bureau of health will make cash returns to the bureau of customs for the tariff due on the seizures.

Part of the proceeds will be distributed among the informers who aided in the seizures.

ELEPHANTS CHARGE DWELLING

Phenix, A. T., Sept. 16.—Four elephants belonging to a traveling show escaped on the desert while being driven from Maricopa to Phenix.

A few miles out from Phenix the elephants stampeded, while passing a hacienda, broke down fences and charged an adobe house, in which were a Mexican woman and her six children.

The woman fainted, but the huge beasts were unable to gain entrance through the small door. They were at length, subdued by their keepers.

CORE POSTAL BANKS

Delegates Believe Public Sentiment Is Adverse.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Problems which front savings bansk were considered today by the delegates to the erican Bankers' association convenin the session of the savings bank tion.

obert M. Pother, of Baltimore, pred a comparison between partial ments and sinking funds in the idation of long-time loans.

e subject of branch savings banks methods suitable for them was lled by Edward D. Carney, of the ell Institution for Savings, of ell, Mass.

Mercy in Banking.

dward L. Robinson, vice president the Eutaw Savings bank of Baltie, spoke of "The Department of cy" in banking, and said:

h our savings banks the gospel of e does not crowd out the gospel elpfulness. Considerations of profit subordinate to the great privilege ending a hand. We must keep far m the strife of business conquest content ourselves by playing an nbler part; the great opportunity enjoy is the chance to be useful faithful to our trust."

he report of the executive committ was read, showing a gain of 113 mbers and an increased interest. secretary made his report, showprogress, and was followed by the ort of the committee on savings k laws, which recommended the ting of laws to safeguard savings osits. The postal savings bank mittee reported adversely to postal ings bank and suggested that there was apparently a change of sentiment on this question.

The question of real estate mortgages for savings banks was discussed by R. N. Welch, of the San Francisco Savings union. "It is a question," said Mr. Welch, "whether havings banks have not permitted to drift away to another class of institutions loans of a character exceedingly profitable to those institutions."

Cleveland Man Speaks.

William R. Greer, of the Cleveland Savings and Loan company, detailed a form on which small loans to householders could be profitably written by savings banks.

Coincident with the meeting of the savings bank section, the annual meeting of the secretaries of State Bankers' associations was held. Secretary F. E. Farnsworth made his annual report, telling of the broadening of the work.

WU SAYS HE MAY RETURN

Chinese Minister Not Sure What He Is to Do in Home Country.

Washington, Sept. 17.—"I may come back here," responded Mr. Wu, the Chinese minister, in a tone indicating hopefulness, when regret was expressed to him yesterday on his recall to China.

The minister sincerely regrets leaving the United States, but he says: "Duty calls me and I obey. I don't know what they have for me to do at home," he added. "They have not yet told me."

It is generally believed that he is to complete the work of the codification of the Chinese laws begun by him several years ago.

Pending the arrival of his successor during the early winter, Mr. Wu will travel some about the United States.

A YEAR TO PAY

We will furnish your home completely and attractively and save you **one-fourth to one-half** on the cost of the furnishings. Then we'll give you from **10 to 30 months** in which to pay for the goods. It's the **most liberal, the most confidential,** and the **most thoroughly satisfactory** plan of credit offered by any home-furnishing institution in America today. You enjoy the full use of the furnishings while paying for them in small amounts from month to month as you earn the money. Only small payment accompanies your order—the balance you pay at your

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

ELIZABETH AYRES, EDITOR

BITS OF PHILOSOPHY

Guard your illusions, they are what keep life sweet. Don't imagine there is no delicious fruit because one poor little apple is green and sour.

Have an interest in life, begin today. Too many live in the yesterdays and tomorrows and their only accumulation is a choice assortment of regrets.

You will never have power until you have known, and are entirely free, from the power of another; then you have come into your strength and have only yourself to blame if it does not bring you compensation.

Do not try to be perfect. If you should succeed you would become an insufferable bore.

Be a philosopher! Don't let the hard things of life hurt too much! Make every experience add to your wisdom and increase your capacity for happiness.

You will never regret putting the best meaning on the acts of others; nor will you be sorry for stopping your ears to gossip and being generous to your enemies.

Don't be too sorry for yourself, or imagine life is over because you have a heartache. It is impossible to know real joy until you have known real pain.

Don't hate anyone or anything. If you could only realize how much you hurt yourself and how not at all anyone else, you would never waste energy in that futile manner.

Time is a great healer and will finally fade the greatest pain into a tender memory.

It is a positive relief and really a virtue to be a bit devilish at times—it gets on one's nerves always balancing a halo on the back of one's head.—From Widow's Wisdom. By Ninon Traver Fleckenstein. Published by The H. M. Caldwell Co.

GOOD-CHEER MAKERS

Elizabeth Ayres

ACCORDING to one of the Proverbs, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," but, in truth, a merry heart "doeth" more good than all the medicine that was ever compounded, for a merry heart is a factory whose product is sunshine, cheerfulness, kindness, and all the qualities that help to make happiness.

To be born merry hearted is to be greatly blessed, since the owner of a merry heart cannot long be depressed by life's shadows, and is always a good-cheer maker. As everyone knows, a good-cheer maker is a comfortable sort of a person to have around, and is something no well regulated family should be without if there is to be complete happiness in the home.

Happiness, in one form or another, is the thing which all the world is looking and longing for. It is called by many different names, and is represented in many different ways, but, while one may travel by devious routes to discover it, the object of every voyage is the same. They all narrow down to the one word "happiness," whatever may be thought necessary to bring about this condition of mind.

If we are making others happy we are very sure of being happy ourselves. "We save it when we scatter it everywhere," and we may scatter it in a way other than by actual deeds or service.

Have you ever chanced to think how strong an influence is the atmosphere we create around us? If we are feeling bright and sunny, we give out this atmosphere. If we are absorbed in gloom, a prey of dolorous thoughts and direful imaginings, this is the atmosphere with which we are surrounded. It is felt by those with whom we come in contact, and they are affected accordingly. Life is largely made up of habits, and we cannot do better than to get in the habit of carrying about with us a cheerful atmosphere. In reality, the world is much as we make it, and the mutual benefit plan is to make of it as good an old world as possible.

Those who look habitually on the bright side of things radiate a helpful influence, and they are the ones whose society is most sought. They are full of the magnetism and vitality born of hope, and they inspire others with hopefulness and help to dispel their gloom. We all like the sunny people; those who can make us feel that our worries are not real troubles, but are only a "state of mind," and that the most we have to do is to change our mind in order to lose the worry. The ones of sunny atmosphere can do this without even mentioning the word trouble or arguing against it. Their very presence is peace, and their's is the power to strengthen, cheer and soothe.

We sometimes may be in a state of mind when we think we do not care whether we make anyone else happy or not, since we ourselves are wretched. "We, ourselves," are too often the paramount consideration, though this fact is not freely acknowledged, but if we try to feel happy and succeed, we confer a benefit on others, and whatever adds in even the smallest way to the world's brightness and cheer, is worth while.

It is not always easy to surround ourselves with an atmosphere that is helpful, but having knowledge of its power, of the good it can do, cheeriness, if it does not come naturally, is something to strive for, and once obtained, to cherish as a rare possession. It is better to be a lifter rather than a leaner, and "he who cheers others need not fear for himself."

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Look up, lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

THE WOMAN QUESTION

I am an enthusiastic reader of The Blade and think the Cosy Corner is a bright and inviting spot. I think the question, Is the world growing better or worse? is a good one, and I should like to read more on the subject. Then we have the question, Does the woman in the country grow old faster than the woman in town? It depends with both on her habits of life and the judgment she uses in caring for her health. The country woman has harder work and lacks exciting diversion, but her pleasures are quiet and restful. There is the informal social life, the quiet and beatiful spot at hand for the enjoyment of a book or magazine, the lane, the woodland path or country road within easy access for a stroll. She has the advantage of an abundance of pure, fresh air and pure food the home produces, but the cry of overwork and discontent is heard, showing that even in this enlightened land, something may be done to improve conditions. Hard work promotes happiness, but overwork does not, so all the labor-saving devices and improved conditions of farm life make the country a more desirable place to live.

The numerous pieces entitled "How Women May Earn Pin Money," show that something is wrong with her financial situation. Some way in addition to her already overworked condition, by which she can add to her tolls and thus increase her income, is eagerly sought, and so such pieces are in demand. Women are sometimes too dependent, financially, after marriage. Whether woman suffrage will set things right, will not attempt to say. Never was woman so often spoken of as "Queen of the Home" as since the woman question has been agitated, but the so-called "queen" is often so overworked, her nerves unstrung, health broken and manner discouraged as to appear like anything but a queen of her realm.

Where there is too much work to do, either in town or country, the remedy is not more system, as some would say, but less work. Where there is superfluous work, the remedy is simplified living.

Life should be so lived that each age will have a beauty of its own. Middle life should not be a caricature of youth or prematurely aged. There is an improvement in this respect, as what used to be regarded as the age for decrepitude, is now the active prime of life. Some one has said this is the day of the grandmother. She no longer sits in the amen corner of active life, but is to the front, achieving and fun-loving.

Closely connected with the question of woman's work is that of her education, which should be of a character to make her resourceful and fit her for a life of fulfillment and not of disappointment. I remember hearing a woman at a farmer's institute say that the work of the farmers' wife was unfavorable to continuity of thought, but the excellent papers read by farmers' wives at grange and institute meetings show that they think, even if they have many interruptions.

I should think a country woman had enough to do without working in the field, but some like outdoor work better than others, and to them it is not such a task. I can speak for myself when it comes to gardening, having raised most kinds of vegetables successfully, and having developed into a gardener on a small scale, from a condition of ignorance of garden lore when the question as to which part of the onion to turn upward was no joke. I can get up the energy for outdoor work when I cannot work in the house, and I think it is beneficial if not carried to excess. It is a cure for nerves and a tonic for the lungs. It is worthy of note that the late Edward Everett Hale advocated gardening for women. Many think it has a tendency to keep them looking young. I have found in it plenty of fresh air and inspiration—also perspiration. I have even entered into the destruction of cabbage worms and potato bugs with zest, when led on with the hope of their extermination.

Mrs. A. A. B. refers Happy Medium to 1st Tim. 6 chap. verse 10. Our minister explained recently that it is the love of money, and not the money itself, that is the root of all evil.

I enjoy all the letters. None of them are too "queer" for me.—Aunt Florence.

ABOUT TOMATOES

When our Blade came this week, as usual, I turned to the Household page first, and while reading Suburb Cousin's letter I found that she wants to know how to put up whole tomatoes. I thought to myself, "well, I can do a little good there, for I can tell her how."

This is my way: Put enough water in the preserving kettle to cover the tomatoes you wish to can; add salt to it till quite salty; let it come to a boiling heat. Pare the tomatoes and put into the hot brine, leaving them until well heated through. Lift the tomatoes into the cans carefully, cover them well with the hot brine and seal.

While talking about tomatoes, I would like to tell our readers how I make tomato preserves without having them cook to pieces. In the first place, I use small tomatoes if I have them, as they are best, but if I have no small ones I cut the large ones into large pieces. Pare the tomatoes and weigh them. Then add as many pounds of granulated sugar as you have pounds of tomatoes. Put the sugar in the preserving kettle with a little water and boil it to a thick syrup. Remove from the fire, and after it is quite cool, pour it over the tomatoes and let it remain over night. In the morning pour the syrup back into the preserving kettle and boil it thick again, then put in the tomatoes and simmer until they are clear. When they are done, they are so clear one can almost see through them. If anyone likes lemon, the grated yellow rind and juice of one lemon to every gallon of tomatoes may be added while boiling. I have had women who had kept house for years ask me why everything they put lemon in was so bitter it could not be eaten. They did not know that the thick, white rind should not be used in cooking.

I once read in a farmer's paper how to make a short distance telephone from one house to another, with cigar boxes, empty spools and broom wire, but I have forgotten how the boxes were to be put on the wall. Can anyone give me the directions for making one if such a thing is possible.—Aunt Eloise of Michigan.

MORE TOMATOES

This is my way of preserving tomatoes whole: Select tomatoes that are smooth and about half ripe. Pack them in a crock and cover with quite a strong brine. Let them stand about four or five days. Then drain off the brine and cover with vinegar and water. Let them remain in this a few days, then drain again and cover with good cider vinegar. Season with a few pieces of horseradish and a handful of mixed spices. When sliced and sprinkled with sugar they are fine, and will be good until tomatoes grow again if kept under vinegar.—Tet.

A GOOD EXERCISE

Direct gymnastics for the lungs increase their capacity and elasticity and prove safeguard against consumption. One of the best exercises is to throw the arms back of the body, inhale fresh air, hold the breath until five can be counted, then exhale. From day to day increase the depth of breathing, without giving pain in so doing, and increase the number of counts until 16 counts are made. Once a person gets good lung capacity, he is more able to offset impurities caused when confined in working rooms where air is not always the purest.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Don't forget this world is your home while you stay in it, so be as happy as you can and enjoy yourselves. There are many things to give one little thrills of pleasure in this beautiful September. The blue sky and the sunshine and the tinge of autumn color that is tinting the trees, and the spicy smell that comes along with pickling and canning time, and the full harvests that are going to fill your cellar with good things for the coming winter. Don't forget to count your blessings and enjoy the comfort you have around you.

One of our readers asks:—"Will some of our correspondents please give a recipe for making the essence of Jamaica ginger, and greatly oblige your humble servant, Mrs. Mary Williams."

Salome of Maryland—Isn't it about time you were writing to the Cozy Corner? How are the crops?—Editor.

HUSK CUSHIONS

Corn husk cushions are useful on the porch and the husks make a very good filling. Take the inner leaves, tear them into thin strips and dry them in the sun. When dry they can be cut into smaller pieces. The easiest method of stripping the pieces is to use a sharp steel tined fork for the purpose.

HOME-MADE POLISHES

The housecleaning season creates a special demand for preparations that lessen the labors of cleaning, and effective polishes may be prepared at home, when housewives know how to compound and use them. Of these simple devices one for removing paint from glass is the use of hot vinegar, which almost immediately eats the paint. A good preparation for brightening leather consists of the beaten whites of eggs rubbed into the leather and allowed to dry. Then the parts must be gone over with a clean cloth.

An excellent furniture polish can be made at home from crude oil and turpentine. Two parts of the oil to one of turpentine and under a coating of it scratches, dents and marks disappear. Incidentally it is excellent for floors. Using crude oil alone, as many women do, is not so satisfactory as when it is combined with turpentine. The oil, without turpentine, takes longer to dry and attracts particles of dust.

For highly polished furniture an excellent restorer can be made by mixing shellac with turpentine and crude oil. Half an ounce of the shellac may be added to double the quantity of the other two ingredients. The bottle containing this compound must be shaken before any of the mixture is put on chairs, etc.

Grease stains upon upholstered articles or walls can be removed by placing a blotter paper over the spot and holding it down with a hot iron. To remove every trace of such a blemish a paste made from fuller's earth and alcohol is recommended.

A cheap filling for cracks can be made by dissolving glue in boiling water until it is the consistency of syrup, then adding sawdust to form a paste. The cracks should be filled while the paste is hot.

A bottle containing oxalic acid in solution should be in a house during cleaning time. To prepare it put four ounces of oxalic acid in a bottle and add half a pint of cold water. The water will not absorb all the crystals.

To use, mix three parts of hot water to one of the solution. Such a liquid will remove stains from linen, dark marks on woodwork, and whiten almost any article to which it is applied. It should not be used on paint except when it is desired to remove old paint. A cheaper method for taking off old paint is to appiy to it a mop previously soaked in a strong solution of common washing soda and boiling water. Ammonia is also an excellent agent for removing old paint when added to boiling water.

To clean painted woodwork of any kind, especially light colors, take three quarts of hot water, three tablespoonfuls of turpentine, two of milk and sufficient soap to make a strong suds. Wash and then wipe dry with a cloth.

For mahogany or any rich dark wood that is dirty there is nothing better than an application of kerosene. Apply it liberally and allow it to remain on for an hour. This will soften the dirt, and then, when the wood is washed with soap and water, drying thoroughly with a clean cloth, brings out a polish. This method may be used in cleaning a piano if necessary, for it is perfectly safe.

If the wood is very dirty and also scratched, it may be rubbed with rottensone mixed with oil, afterwards washing with the soap and water.

Rattan or wicker furniture may be freshened by wiping with a damp rag. If much soiled the article should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap, soda and water, and when dry revarnished. Willow and wicker furniture take kindly to dyeing (after the varnish has been removed), and very beautiful effects may be produced by common dyes.

THE FALL COLORS

In colors for fall, dark tones will prevail. They will be rich and beautiful, but deep in color. Rivaling one another for supremacy in fashionable favor will be the many tints of purple, brown and green. Raisin, catawba and wistaria will still be fashionable colors for the woman who can have many gowns—all shades, in fact, with a purplish cast.

The browns, however, are more prominent than for many years past. Rich seal brown is not only a novelty color for the coming autumn and winter, but it is a good, staple, dependable shade. A walnut brown is also favored, mustard is fashionable and many other shades of brown which show a soft, golden glow.

Greens are regarded as specially high style; for every-day wear a deep myrtle green is looked upon with favor, but the particularly fashionable shade of green is known as artichoke and is exactly the color of the vegetable from which it is named. Reseda, emerald and lichen greens will be much worn, and many shades of olive and bronze greens.

The grays are still much liked. A very serviceable shade is known as coal-dust and is so dark that it is hard to tell it from black. Taupe is still fashionable, and a very becoming shade of gray which has a silvery gleam to it is known as platina.

The very dark blues—navy and Prussian—are seen in the new fabrics, and for afternoon wear and dress occasions we have the faded-rose tints. These shades are more cloudy and dull than last year and are specially referred to as ashes of roses and faded old rose. Carob is another fashionable tint just off the deep shade of rose which promises to be much in favor.

In speaking of colors, black must not be neglected. The all-black gown will be extremely fashionable this autumn, especially in broadcloth, voile and such soft, silky materials as cashmire-desoie.

Now just a word in regard to materials; for every-day wear there is a strong tendency toward rough fabrics, such as cheviot serge, hop-sacking, homespun, camel's-hair, zibeline and two-toned diagonals. For one's best afternoon dress broadcloth is still favored, satin prunella, voile and many exquisite, silk-and-wood fabrics.—Woman's Home Companion.

SELF-CONTROL

The first step I have to suggest for training in self-control may, to the ambitious, seem trivial, but I have found it extremely practical.

The game of self-control is like that of golf—it takes many years of training and practice to accomplish even fair results. Only the genius becomes adept. But, in any event, the aspirant for the long drive must first learn to hold the club.

I have become convinced that no one can achieve mental tranquility who cannot learn to keep his body still—to refrain from the habit movements called by Professor Wenley, of Michigan university, signs of "character leakage." Among these movements the most familiar are drumming and tapping with the fingers and toes, clearing the throat, and walking restlessly about. This is the sort of thing our mother taught us to avoid in childhood, but it did not make the impression it ought to, because we thought she was only trying her voice. If one can refrain from a single movement of this kind on the first day, he has begun to "hold the club." The hand may be easily arrested, for example, on its way to massaging the countenance by having in readiness this reminder: "Push not thy face!"

Some time, when impatiently waiting for your train, cease that restless pacing up and down and try the following experiment: Stand at attention, with your back against the wall, and say to yourself: "I will see how long I can stand in this position without moving hand or foot." Do not be afraid of attracting notice—no one will cast a glance in your direction; all are too preoccupied to notice surroundings. If you succeed in becoming interested you will find yourself rather disappointed than otherwise to have the experiment interrupted by the arrival of your train.—George Lincoln Walton, M. D., in Lippincott's.

What Some Women Talk About

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

"Honestly," said Beatrice, "I don't know what our fair sex are coming to. Some of them talk and talk and talk, but if only they would say something.

"I sometimes think it isn't a bit of a joke when men say 'A woman must talk,' for when they run out of real stuff they just talk any way.

"The other day while riding through the country in a summer car two women in front of me conducted a genuine 'gabfest.'

"They discussed the latest cut in sleeves, the weather, how to pickle tongue, the length of each other's hair, the new air ships and finally, just before I got off the car, having been on but 20 minutes, they proceeded as follows:

"'Say, do you know that is the nicest sachet powder you use. What is it?'

"'Oh, do you like it, dear? I do, too. I've used it for years.'

"'You don't say. It has such a delightful scent. I have often wondered what it was.'

"'Well, it is a mixture that I make myself. I use half violet and half clover.'

"'I must try some. Did you ever use the Polish violet? It is nice, too.'

"'No, I never have. What is it like?'

"'Well, it is very much like yours, only a little stronger, possibly. I just keep it among my clothes.'

"'Oh, I don't. I make little bags to put mine in and then I sew them all up with colored ribbons, so they look pretty.'

"'Well, well, what a nice idea! I think I will have to do that, too. Mrs. Bentley has such nice sachet powder.'

"'Really? I never was with her very much. I don't know.'

"'It was a good thing I had to get off then, or I would not had a nerve left.'

When will women find something of real moment to talk about? There is so much in nature, civic conditions, progress, life itself all around them.

But, ye gods! They will take to discussing sachet powder, something to smell. Imagine two men spending 15 minutes telling how nice some cologne is!

Then there is the woman who is ever telling the wonderful attributes of her offspring. Little Christopher is the most marvelous child. He just can talk to you like a grown person.

And little Elizabeth, my—oh, my—

"I MAKE LITTLE BAGS TO PUT MINE IN."

she is the sweetest thing. She can wash her own face and hands and keep herself just as tidy as her own mother.

She is such a comfort, too, and says the dearest things. She even can use a needle and thread. Think of that! And at school—why, the other children can't "hold a candle" to her cleverness.

But, for goodness sake, sister, who cares about your children? Everybody is not interested in their "smartness" as you are.

Eternally, too, is the card fiend with us. She is the lady who comes away from the afternoon game and rehearses the whole business.

She will read a string of cards off to you and tell you about a lead her partner made that "really simply ruined her hand."

Woman, dear, do try to take an interest in the universal good of things. Talk about subjects that will be as interesting to others as yourself.

There is much good all about you. The petty things go on and exist without discussion. Produce live, braingiving thoughts.

Clear the fog out of your think tank. Don't be a bore.

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THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral, and social improvement.

I will come in for a little talk with the M. G. R.'s this warm afternoon and tell something of cotton raising. Cotton is planted the 1st of May in well prepared ground and it is always fertilized with guano. It comes up in five or six days after it is planted, if the season is favorable. Cotton receives its first work from the plow when it is about two weeks old, then it is left to itself for a few days, after which it is hoed. This is very slow work, as every inch of the ground has to be gone over. After this it is plowed again, and as soon as the grass grows it is hoed once more. It is usually hoed three times or more and plowed seven or eight times. Towards the last of June or the 1st of July it begins to bloom. The flowers are white the first day, the second they are red and are closed, and on the third they fall off. The tiny boll is left in four scalloped, green leaves that wrap it completely. It grows out of these leaves into a hard, green boll.

Cotton bolls begin to open the last of August or the 1st of September, and they continue opening until into the winter. The prettiest, whitest cotton is that which opens in the early fall.

Well, I will say a few words of myself. I am 22 years old and have lived in one place all my life. I have never traveled any, but think I should like it. A. Laurel, I guess your name is Laura.—Butterfly.

I have been a reader of The Blade all my life. My father was a subscriber most of the time and I always enjoyed reading it, especially the M. G. R. letters. I think the letters lately have been more interesting than usual.

I have wondered why the men do not write oftener. I think they used to. I remember reading several interesting letters from Oregon Bach and I have wondered what has become of him. Perhaps he has found the right person to relieve him of his many household burdens and is so converted that he is not interested in the M. G. R.'s.

Illinois is my native state, but I have lived many years in the Sunflower State, Kansas, and like the climate better than Illinois. We have so much more sunshine here during the winter than there.

I would like to suggest writing about entertaining at social functions. Would like some one's experience. also some original ways.

I have traveled a good deal and may come again some time and tell something of my journeys.—Sunny Kansas.

Please, may a doctor's daughter have a little room in your circle? I think The Blade is splendid, especially the M. G. R. letters and the Poet's Corner, in which I have found some fine recitations. I wonder how many of the M. G. R.'s are as rich is I am, for I have the best father, mother, six brothers and three sisters in all the world, I think. I am the fourth child and the oldest girl. Don't you agree with me that the love of our dear ones is worth more than all else? I love children, and our little ones at home think "sister Helen" is just right.

My dearest chum is a brother 20 years old, two years younger than I. I've been staying with a cousin in Michigan, but am going home to Pittsburg, Kansas, for Xmas.

I have lived in Michigan, Illinois, Kansas and Missouri, and I like Missouri best of all. I love to read and am very fond of traveling. I had a trip to Niagara Falls two years ago, which I thought was fine. We rode on the Maid of the Mist, visited the Cave of the Winds, took the electric belt ride and had a splendid time. I am afraid I shall wear out my welcome, so will say good-bye, with best wishes to all from —Pincess Sunshine.

I think the subject, "What kind of a husband or a wife do you admire?" is a very good one and is worth writing about.

The following extract from Tennyson's Maude tells us about what a man ought to be:

Ah, God! for a man with heart, head, hand,
Like some of the simple great ones gone
forever and ever by;
One still, strong man in a blatant land,
Whatever they call him, what care I?
Aristocrat, autocrat, democrat—one who
can rule and dare not lie.

Since there are few such men in the twentieth century we must look for other virtues.

What I would most admire in a husband is strength—physical, mental and moral. Of course, physical strength is a small factor in a man's character, but no girl would want a husband who is an invalid. We must not expect more mental strength than the average man possesses, yet he must not be absent-minded.

Moral strength is the noblest virtue that either man or woman can possess. It embraces everything good and noble. A strong will power is one of the main things that every woman should admire, for no woman is safe with a husband who is continually falling into temptation, unless her will power is strong enough for both.

I am very anxious to read what the men, and especially Oregon Bach, will write on the question.

I would like to write on the other "side," too, but being only a single girl, I have probably written too much now. With best wishes for the M. G. R.'s, I am—Pennsylvania Girl.

If you will accept a letter from an Ohio girl I will certainly be thankful and appreciate your kindness.

I am 18 years old and live on a farm about one mile from town. Our town is named Shawnee, after a tribe of Indians.

I enjoy the letters of the M. G. R.'s and they are the first letters I read. They are so interesting to me; I hope this will be of interest to others.

I attend church and Sunday school. We have from 40 to 45 in our Sunday school. Every one seems to be more interested this summer than ever I remember.

I have one brother and two sisters; we all enjoy country life. We have a phone and a rural route. I have an organ and I can play many pieces.

This being my first letter, I do not want to make it too long.—Seldom Seen.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS

Here's a toast to all who are here,
No matter where you're from;
May the best day you have seen
Be worse than your worst to come.

I think we have had enough letters regarding ideal husbands and wives, and after those we have "in stock" have been published, the subject will be gently, but firmly dismissed. Descriptive letters telling of objects of interest, scenes, industries of which you have knowledge, are always welcome. Anyone who has a subject for discussion please let it be known. You know we are brave enough to "tackle" anything, no matter how profound.—Miss Prudence.

Our latest letter writers are: Sunshine, May, The California Cow Girl, Belle, Erma June, and Biddy Girl.

GOOD RECIPES

Georgia Waffles—Allow to each pint of flour two eggs, one and a half cupfuls of milk or milk and cream, butter the size of a walnut, sprinkle of salt and a small teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix salt and baking powder well into the flour, rub the butter in evenly, then the eggs, well beaten, and stir into the milk. Have the waffle irons hot and well greased. Pour the batter in and bake immediately. The batter should be rather thin, about the consistency of good paste.

Raised Waffles—Scald a cup and three-quarters of milk and add to it half a teaspoonful salt and a teaspoonful butter. Put in a quarter of a compressed yeast cake dissolved in a quarter cup lukewarm water. Add a pint of flour, beat the mixture well and let it rise. Just before turning into the hot greased waffle irons, stir in two eggs well beaten.

Corn Pone—Sift together one quart sweet meal, one teaspoonful salt, two teaspoonfuls sugar. Add one pint scalding hot milk and beat well. Sift together one heaping pint flour and two teaspoonfuls baking powder and stir into the batter, together with the beaten yolks of two eggs. Beat hard. Fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, turn into a long, shallow tin pan and bake in a hot oven. This is a famous Kentucky recipe. The Virginia rule calls for one quart buttermilk, two teaspoonfuls soda, one quart corn meal and one pint of flour. Bake for three hours in a stone crock.

Cinnamon Rolls: When the bread dough is ready to put into the pans, take pieces of it a little larger than a walnut, roll out, cover with butter, then sprinkle plentifully with sugar and cinamon. Roll up, pinch the edges together and place in a pan until light. Bake in a moderate oven.

"NOBLESSE OBLIGE"

Her sleeves rolled elbow-high, Agatha Ware stood in the pantry beating a mayonnaise with the careful energy that she gave to everything she did. "One, two, three," she was counting slowly as she dropped in the oil and whisked the mixture with a silver fork.

"Gracious!" said an amused voice from the doorway. "This must be a wonderful dinner party you're giving, Agatha, when you won't trust the salad dressing to Kate."

"It is," answered Miss Ware. "But don't talk until I get it done; there's a dear."

In a few minutes the mayonnaise was whipped to light perfection, and Agatha emerged, buttoning her cuffs.

"Now come into the dining room while I arrange the flowers. Then we can talk," she said, leading the way into a wide, white wainscoted room where everything seemed cool beauty and order.

"Violets!" exclaimed Beatrice Maynard, sniffing rapturously at a half-opened box. "Princess violets at this time of the year! Agatha, you extravagant creature! Who's coming? It can't be the big grown-ups, because your father and mother are away; and it can't be the small grown-ups because you haven't asked me, your own little playmate. Now who is it?"

Agatha paused a moment over a rebellious handful of blossoms; then she said:

"It's Jennie Morrison from the Mill Road."

"What? The little lame thing that raises roses, and goes about selling them with eggs and blackberries and 'garden truck'? All this fuss about her?" questioned Beatrice.

"Yes, 'all this fuss about her,'" repeated Agatha, firmly. "If I wanted to be sentimental I could rhapsodize and say that 'Jennie has a soul!' Well, she has, and a mind, and a little lame body, and I'm going to minister to all three tonight if I can."

"What are you going to wear?" demanded the practical Beatrice, dropping from ethical clouds.

"My lavender chiffon," answered Agatha. "Just what I would wear if you and all the rest of the girls were coming. She shall have everything you would have had. I've been lending her my books, and she said to me the other day, so pathetically, 'O, Miss Ware, how nice it must seem to be rested at the table like book-people, and to have time to talk and flowers and—and things!' Why," added Agatha, laughing a little, "we're even going to have black coffee, because 'book people' have that after dinner, you know."

"Well," commented Beatrice, rising, "all I can say is that you're silly and extravagant all for nothing."

Agatha flushed and began a quick reply, then she checked herself.

"Beatrice,' did you never think what our class motto, 'Noblesse Oblige,' really means? It's a favorite maxim of mine, though I nearly always fall short of it. But don't try to tease me out of really reaching the heights this time. The knowledge that these things are mine, constantly in my life, should make me want Jennie to share them once."

"But she'll never notice them!" Beatrice went on with her argument, all unheeding. "That sort of person is so stupid. And even if she does, she'll just think you're stuck-up and a snob and trying to 'rub it in.'"

"Jennie won't," said Agatha, smiling quietly. "I'm sure of Jennie."

Late that night a little lame girl lay in her bed, too happy to sleep, for all her room seemed fragrant with gentle courtesy and the breath of violets.

"Why," she murmured to herself, "why, Miss Ware treated me just as if we were friends!"—Youth's Companion.

THE POETS' CORNER

MY MOTHER'S PRAYER

By T. C. O'Kane.

As I wandered 'round the homestead,
many a dear familiar spot
Bro't within my recollection scenes I'd
seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—
here, the deep, old-fashioned
well,
With its old moss-covered bucket, sent
a thrill no tongue can tell.

Tho' the house was held by strangers,
all remained the same within;
Just as when a child I rambled up and
down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending—once a
source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty oobwebs,
lo! I saw my trundle bed.

Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy strains
of one familiar song,
Often sung by my dear mother to me
in that trundle bed,
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed."

While I listen to the music stealing on
in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—I am
now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring, at the
dusky eventide,
Near my trundle bed I'm kneeling, as
of yore, by mother's side.

Hands are on my head so loving, as
they were in childhood's days;
I, with weary tones, am trying to repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple as a
mother's lips can frame;
"Father, Thou who are in heaven, hallowed ever be thy name."

Prayer is over, to my pillow with a
"good night" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper, "Now
I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er bending, prays
in earnest words, but mild:
"Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,
bless, oh, bless, my precious
child!"

Yet I am but only dreaming: "Ne'er
I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother in
the quiet church yard lain;
But the mem'ry of her counsels e'er
my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven, even from
my trundle bed.

IN THE BAGGAGE COACH AHEAD

Another Unknown.

On a dark stormy night, as a train rattled on,
All the passengers had gone to bed,
Except one young man with a babe on
his arm,
Who sat there with bowed-down head.
The innocent one commenced crying
just then,
As though its poor heart would break,
One angry man said, "make that child
stop its noise,
For it's keeping all of us awake."
"Put it out," said another, "don't keep
it in here,
We've paid for our berths and want
rest,"
But never a word said the man with
the child
As he fondled it close to his breast.
"Where is its mother? go take it to
her,"
One lady then softly said.
"I wish that I could," was the man's
sad reply,
"But she's dead, in the coach ahead."

CHORUS.

While the train rolled onward a husband sat in tears,
Thinking of the happiness of just a
few short years,
For baby's face brings pictures of a
cherished hope that's dead,
But baby's cries can't waken her, in the
baggage coach ahead.

Every eye filled with tears when his
story he told,
Of a wife who was faithful and true,
He told how he'd saved up his earnings
for years,
Just to build up a home for two.
How, when heaven had sent them this
sweet little babe,
Their young happy lives were blest,
His heart seemed to break when he
mentioned her name,
And in tears tried to tell them the rest.
Every woman arose to assist with the
child,
There were mothers and wives on that
train,
And soon was the little one sleeping
in peace,
With no thought of sorrow or pain.
Next morn at the station, he bade all
good by
"God bless you," he softly said;
Each one had a story to tell in their
homes,
Of the baggage coach ahead.

POEMS REQUESTED

The poem called The Little Church Around the Corner, is asked for.

Will some one send the verses and author's name of the poem to which the following lines belong:

The sails we see on the ocean
Are as white, as white can be;
But never one in the harbor,
Is as white as the sails at sea.

One of the poems wanted is, Chickens Come Home to Roost. These are two of its lines:

You may take the world as it comes and goes,
And you will be sure to find.

The poem entitled The Organ Builder is requested. These are some of its lines:

Ay, so rarely was it builded,
That whenever groom and bride.

A poem entitled Popping Corn is asked for. It begins:

And there they sat a-popping corn,
John Stiles and Susan Cutter.

LASCA

BY FRANK DESPREZ.

I want free life and I want fresh air
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle.
The crack of the whips like shots in battle.
The melee of horns and hoofs and heads
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads;
The green beneath and the blue above
And dash and danger, and life and love
And Lasca!

Lasca used to ride
On a mouse-gray mustang close to my side,
With blue serape and bright-belled spur
I laughed with joy as I look at her.
Little knew she of books or of art,
An Ave Maria sufficed her needs,
Little she cared, save to be by my side
To ride with me, and ever to ride,
From San Saba's shore to Levaca's tide.
She was bold as the billows that beat,
She was wild as the breezes that blow
From her little head to her little feet,
She was swayed in her suppleness to and fro
By each gust of passion; a sapling pine
That grows on the edge of a Kansas slope
And wars with the wind when the wind is rough,
Is like this Lasca, this love of mine.

She would hunger that I might eat,
Would take the bitter and leave me the sweet;
But once, when I made her jealous for fun,
At something I'd whispered, or looked done,
One Sunday, in San Antonio,
To a glorious girl on the Alamo,
She drew from her garter a dear little dagger,
And—sting of a wasp!—it made me stagger!
An inch to the left, or an inch to right,
And I shouldn't be maundering here to-night;
But she sobbed, and, sobbing, so swift bound
Her torn reboso about the wound,
That I quite forgave her. Scratches don't count
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

Her eye was brown—a deep, deep brown
Her hair was darker than her eye;
And something in her smile and frown
Curled crimson lip and instep high,
I laughed with joy as I look at her!
Showed that there ran in each blue vein
Mixed with the milder Aztec strain,
The vigorous vintage of old Spain.
She was alive in every limb
With feeling to the finger-tips;
And when the sun is like a fire,
And sky one shining, soft, sapphire,
One does not drink in little sips.

The air was heavy, the night was hot
I sat by her side, and forgot—forgot
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest,
Forgot that the air was close and pressed,
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon,
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon
That once let the herd at its breath take fright;
Nothing on earth can stop the flight;
And woe to the rider, and woe to steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

Was that thunder? I grasped the control
Of my swift mustang without a word
I sprang to the saddle, and she close behind.
Away! on a hot chase down the wind
But never was a fox-hunt half so hard
And never was steed so little spared,
For we rode for our lives. You shall hear how we fared,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The mustang flew, and we urged him
There was one chance left, and you but one;
Halt, jump to ground, and shoot your horse;
Crouch under his carcass and take your chance;
And if the steers in their frantic onset
Don't batter you both to pieces at once
You may thank your stars; if not, grow
To the quickening kiss and the long drawn sigh,
And the open air and the open sky,
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.

The cattle gained on us, and, just as I felt
For my six-shooter behind in my belt
Down came the mustang, and down came we,
Clinging together, and—what was rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head
Two lips that hard on my lips were pressed
Then came thunder in my ears,
As over us surged the sea of steers,
Blows that beat blood into my eyes,
And when I could rise—
Lasca was dead!

I gouged out a grave a few feet deep
And there in earth's arms I laid her to sleep;
And there she is lying, and no one knows
And the summer shines and the winter snows;
For many a day the flowers have spread
A pall of petals over her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the sly coyote trots here and there
And the black snake glides and glides and slides
Into a rift in a cottonwood tree;
And the buzzard sails on,
And comes and is gone,
Stately and still like a ship at sea;
And I wonder why I do not care
For the things that are like the thing that were.
Does half my heart lie buried there
In Texas, down by the Rio Grande?

AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

MARLTON, N.J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with several female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; I began to take it, and am well again, relieved of all my suffering.—MRS. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of. Hundreds of thousands of voluntary testimonials on file in the Pinkham laboratory, Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free and always helpful.

COOK'S THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTURE

Continued from First Page.

the first because of insufficient and the second because it was three and still on its mother's when the father passed away. were not to participate in the of life, but an unusual mother them.

w days before the previous win- old father, anxious to provide bearskins for the prolonged had ventured alone far up into untains. His gun went off ac- lly and he never returned. executor of the brother of Ma- rmer husband was kind to her long night, and kept famine r door. In the summer days s been able to keep herself, but ould provide for her for the to come? Her only resource seek the chilled heart of her husband, and we were per- g the unpleasant mission of her to him as wife No. 2. on we later saw Ikwa he did not us for the trouble we had taken, had expected no reward. speed of the yacht increased as ght advanced. A snow squall the decks, and to escape the we sought our warm berths At 4 o'clock in the morning ray gloom separated and the sun poured forth a suitable of August rays. In a few mo- the winter frost was changed to r glories.

his time we passed the ice-bat- and storm-swept cliff of Cape Beyond was Whale Sound, sea of gold, strewn with ice, of ultramarine and alabaster. spouted and walrus shouted. rampus was out early for a fight. flocks of little auks rushed over rried missions.

Enter Inglefield Gulf.

wind was light, but the engines us along at a pace just fast to allow us to enjoy the su- rroundings. In the afternoon re well into Inglefield Gulf, and tiblu there was a strong head and enough ice about to engage e of the lookout. We aimed them seek Caribou, in Olricks While the yacht was tacking favorable berth in the drift off the launch was lowered, and ught to interview the Eskimos blu. The ride was a wet one, r. Bradley had the first import- e for his raincoat, as a short, y sea poured icy spray over us, mbled us about with vigorous

re were only one woman, a few en, and about a score of dogs place. The woman talked , and explained at some length her husband and others were on a caribou hunt, and she told thout a leading question the of the tribe for a year. After r for breath like a smothered he began with news of previous and a history of the forgotten We started back for the launch. e invited herself to the pleasure company to the beach.

had only gone a few steps be- t occurred to her that she was d of something. Would we not her a few boxes of matches in ge for a narwhal tusk? We be delighted, said Mr. Bradley. handful of sweets went with the in. Her boy brought down two tusks, each eight feet in length. o were worth $150. Had we a to spare? Yes, and a tin spoon lso given just to show that we liberal.

yacht was headed northward, Inglefield Gulf. This made fair and we cut the tumbling of th a racing dash. Though the as strong the air was remarka- ear.

Cape Ackland in View.

great chiseled cliffs of Cape d rose in terraced grandeur the midnight sun. The distance as twelve miles, but we had finished last evening the series bmerged rocks and shallow

necessary for deep sea craft to Karnah a wide berth. There nough bergs to hold the water though an occasional sea rose sickening thump.

launch towed the dory, in Manee and her children were ly occupants. We preferred to er the luxury and privacy of a te conveyance for several rea- the most important being the ity of affording room for her and her household furniture, ing of three bundles of skins cks.

ah was to be her future home, e neared the shore we tried te Ikwa, but there was not a n town. Five women, 15 chil- and 45 dogs came out to meet he men were on a hunting cam- and their location was not ex- known.

htungwah, Manee's rival, a fat, able creature, stood on a useful where we chose to land, and did ommodate us with footing on e platform. She had not seen for seven years, but she scent- game, and gave us the cold der for the part we had inno- played in it.

e was not there, so no open of etiquette could be possible.

A Thrifty Eskimo Camp.

were five sealskin tents among the boulders of a stream. An immense quantity rwhal meat was placed on the and stones to dry. Skins were ed on the grass, and a general thrift was shown about the

dles of sealskins, packages of and much ivory were brought trade and establish friendly in- se. We gave them sugar, to- and ammunition in quantities their own estimate of value. fat woman entered her tent, and w no more of her during our for she did not venture to trade the others.

ee was kindly treated by the village folk, and a pot, steaming ly meat, was soon served in her We were cordially invited to e of the feast, but had a con- excuse, just having finished . Would we not place ourselves e and stay for a day or two, as husbands would soon return? re forced to decline their hos- y, for, without the harbor, there much wind to keep the yacht

mos have no system of saluta- except a greeting smile or a part- k of regret. We got both at the time, as we stepped into the and shouted good-bye.

and, the captain was told to pro- to Cape Robertson. The wind a fog come over from inland blotted out the landscape down ut 1,000 feet, but under this the as clear.

awoke off Cape Robertson and ashore before breakfast. The here rises suddenly to an altitude 00 feet and is crowned with an p. It is picturesque enough. heys, blue glacial walls and ent headlands offer a pleasing variety, but it is much like the coast of all Greenland.

It had, however, the tremendous advantages of a southern exposure and rocks, providing a resting place for the little auk in millions. These little birds darted from the cliff to the sea. Rather rich, grassy verdure also offered an oasis for the Arctic hare, while the blue fox found life easy here, for he could fill his winter den with fat feathered creatures.

The eskimo profits by the combination and pitches his camp at the foot of the cliffs, for the chase on sea is nearly as good here as in other places, while land creatures literally tumbled into his larder.

As we approached the shore 10 men, 9 women, 31 children and 106 dogs came out to meet us. I count the children and dogs, for they are equally important in Eskimo economy. The latter are by far the most important to the average Caucasian in the Arctic.

Only small game had fallen to the Eskimos' lot, but they were eager to venture out with us after big game. At last Mr. Bradley had found a suitable retinue of native guides, and we were not long in arranging a compact.

Free passage, the good graces of the cook and a knife each were to be their pay. A caribou hunt was not sufficiently novel to grant a return to Olrick's Bay, where intelligent effort is always rewarded, but it was hoped we might get a hunt at Kookaan, near the head of Robertson Bay.

Setting Sail for Etah.

This venture, however, failed, though it gave us an interesting chase about dangerous waters in a violent gale. We returned to the igloo to do homing, paid off our guides, made presents to their women and children and set sail for Etah.

Clearing weather after the storm afforded delightful yachting weather. A fairly strong off shore wind filled the big wings of canvas. The cool air was bracing, while the bright sun threw glittering smiles from slant to slant. The seamen forward sang of the delights of fisher folk.

A phonograph sent music, classical and otherwise, into the Arctic air from the cabins. At table there was a kind steady hand and receptive stomach.

During two days of stormy discomfort several important meals had been willingly missed. But in the Arctic food accounts must be squared as quickly as possible. Here were the joys of civilization, health and recreation in a wilderness, all combined in the composite adventures of cruising in Arctic seas.

On the following morning we passed Cape Alexander and entered Smith Sound. Half a gale came from the sea as we entered Foulke Fjord. The town of Etah was composed of four tents, which for this season had been pitched beside a small stream, just inside of the first projecting point on the north shores. Inside this point there was sheltered water to land the Eskimos' kayaks.

It also made a good harbor for the yacht. It is possible in favorable seasons to push through Smith Sound, over Kane Basin, into Kennedy Channel, but the experiment is always at the risk of the vessel.

Find Plenty of Game.

There was no special reason for us to hazard life, therefore the yacht was here prepared for the return voyage. This was to consume several days, and we sought to occupy the time in exploration and sport.

The vicinity of Etah is notable as the stamping ground of Dr. Kane and Dr. Hayes, in the middle of the last century.

There were no unexplored spots in the neighborhood, but there was a good deal of game near. Before we landed we watched the Eskimos harpoon a white whale. The little auk kept us busy for a day, while hares, tumbling like snowballs over dark rocks, gave another day of gun recreation.

Far beyond, along the inland ice, were caribou, but we preferred to confine our exploration to the seashore. The bay waters were alive with eider ducks and guillemots, while just outside walrus dared us to venture on an open contest on the wind-swept seas.

After ambitons for the chase and local exploration were satisfied we were told that the people of Annotook, 25 miles to the north, would be glad to see us. Here was the chance to arrange a jaunt in the motorboat. The tanks were filled, suitable food and camp equipment were loaded, and off we started on the morning of August 21 for man's Ultima Thule.

It was a beautiful day, with a light air from the sea. Passing inside of Littleton Island, we searched for relics along Lifeboat Cove. The desolate cliffs of Cape Hatherton were a blaze of color and light, but the sea was refreshingly cool, with fleets of blue, towering bergs to dispel the fire of Arctic midsummer.

As we rushed in comfort past the ice polished and wind-swept headlands the sea was alive with birds, seals and walrus, but little shooting was done, for we were bent on enjoying the quiet sport of motor boating.

Arrival at Annotook.

As we passed the sharp rocks of Cairn Point we located nine tents in a small bay under Cape Inglefield.

"Look, there is Annotook," said Tungan, our native guide.

Looking up Smith Sound we noted that the entire channel beyond was blocked with a jam of hard, blue ice. The northermost limit of motorboating had been reached. A perpendicular cliff served as a pier to which to fasten the boat. Here it could rise and fall with the tide and the drifting ice did not give much trouble.

A diligent exploration of the town disclosed the fact that we had reached not only the northernmost town, but the most prosperous settlement of the Greenland shore. The best hunters had gathered here for the winter bear hunt.

Their game catch had been very lucky. More than a hundred dogs voiced the hunt force, with which Eskimo prosperity is measured, and 12 long-haired wild men came out to meet us as friends.

The wealth in food and furs of this place fixed my determination on this spot as a base for the polar dash. We were standing at a point within 700 miles of the pole. The strongest force of men, the best teams of dogs and an unlimited supply of food, combined with the equipment on board the yacht, formed an ideal plant from which to work out the campaign. The seeming hopelessness of the task had a kind of weird fascination for me. Many years of schooling in both polar zones and in mountaineering would serve a useful purpose.

Conditions Right for Dash.

Here was my chance. Here was everything necessary, conveniently placed within the polar gateway. The problem was discussed with my colleagues. Mr. Bradley generously volunteered to land from the yacht the food, fuel and other supplies we had provided for local use. There was an abundance of trading material to serve as money.

My own equipment aboard for sledge traveling could be made to serve every purpose in the enterprise. The possible combination left absolutely nothing to be desired to insure success.

Only good health, endurance, weather and workable ice were necessary. The expenditure of a million dollars could not have placed an expedition at a better advantage. The opportunity was too good to be lost. We therefore returned to Etah to prepare for the new quest.

Strong efforts had been made to reach the pole from every available quarter. Only the angle between Alaska and Greenland had been left untried. In our prospective venture we aimed to pierce this area of the globe.

If we failed in our main effort we would at least make a track over a blank spot. With the resources for transportation which the Eskimos offered, I hoped to carry ample supplies over Ellesmereland and along the west coast of the game land. There was reason to suppose we would avoid the troublesome pack agitated by the Greenland currents. The Eskimos were willing to trust to the game resources of this region to feed and fire the expedition en route to the land's end.

Splendid Advantages Offered.

If their faith proved correct it offered me a series of advantages denied to every other leader of polar expeditions, for the movement would not only be supplied at the expense of the land which it explored, but men and dogs would be taken to the battle ground in superb training, with their vigorous bodies nourished by wholesome fresh meat, not the nauseating laboratory stuff which is usually crowded into the unwilling stomach.

Furthermore, it offered me a chance to test every article of equipment in actual field work, and, above all, after a hard campaign of this kind, I could select with some chance of success the most likely winners for the final race over the circumpolar sea.

A compact was made with the little men of the farthest north to push the venture into the boreal center. When it was noised about at Etah that preparations were in progress to try to reach the pole most of the men on board the yacht volunteered to serve.

Captain Bartlett, skipper of the John R. Bradley, said that he also would like to stay, but, if compelled to return, he required at least a cook and engineers to take the yacht back to Newfoundland.

The situation was eased when the captain was told that but one man was wanted. No group of white men could possibly match the Eskimo in his own element. The willing hands of a tribe of 250 people were at my disposal. More help was not required.

But a companion and a general overseer was in demand for this post. Rudolph Francke was selected. Annotook was to be the base of operations. But there is no harbor near this village to facilitate a rapid landing of supplies, and to hasten the departure of the yacht on her homeward run everything for the polar campaign was brought on deck while the vessel was still at anchor in Etah, and below all was prepared for the expected storms of the return voyage.

Launch Proves Efficient.

Late in the evening of September 10 the entire village of Etah was taken aboard, the anchor was tripped, and soon the Bradley's bow put out on the waters of Smith Sound for Annotook. The night was cold and clear, brightened by the charm of color. The sun had just begun to dip under the northern horizon, which marks the end of the summer double days of splendor and begins the period of storms leading into the long night. Early in the morning we were off Annotook.

The weather was now changed. A strong wind came from the sea. With shallow water, unknown rocks and much ice drifting about, no comfortable anchorage could be found for the yacht. If the overloaded decks were to be cleared at all it must be done quickly.

The launch and all the dories were lowered and filled. Eskimo boats were pressed into service and loaded. The boats were towed ashore. Only a few reached Annotook itself, for the wind increased and a troublesome sea made haste a matter of great importance. Things were pitched ashore anywhere on the rocks where a landing could be found for the boats.

The splendid efficiency of the launch proved equal to the emergency, and in the course of about three hours all was safely put on shore in spite of the threatening winds and forbidding seas.

With a hasty farewell to Mr. Bradley and the officers, and encouraged with a cheer from all on board, we left the motherly yacht for our new home and mission. The yacht stood off to avoid drifting ice and await the return of the motor boat.

When we were set asore we sat down and watched with saddened eyes the departure of our friends and the severing of the bond which had held us to the known world of life and happiness.

The village of Annootok is placed in a small bay just inside of Cape Inglefield. Its population changes much from year to year, according to the known luck of the chase or the ambition of men to obtain new bearskin trousers.

Scattered about it were 12 sealskin tents, which served as a summer shelter for an equal number of vigorous families. In other places nearer the sea were seven stone igloos. Upon these the work of reconstruction for winter shelter had already begun.

In the immediate vicinity there was some turf and moss, but everywhere else within a few hundred feet of the sea the land rose abruptly in steep slopes of barren rock.

To the westward, across Smith Sound, in blue haze, was seen Cape Sabine, Bache Peninsula and some of the land beyond, which we hoped to cross in our prospective venture.

The construction of a winter house and workshop called for immediate attention after the wind subsided. Men, women and children offered strong hands to gather the stones strewn along the shore.

When a suitable building plot had been prepared, the welding of a structure was a very simple process. All our things had been placed in sealed tins and packed in substantial boxes of about two cubic feet each. This had been done to forestall possible contingencies of shipwreck, for in the Arctic a crushed vessel is always a possibility.

When the cargo is packed in this manner, the things can be quickly tossed on deck and transported to floating ice or land. Later it is possible, with packing boxes of uniform size as building material, to erect efficient shelter wherein the calamities of Arctic disaster can be avoided.

Building Winter Quarters.

This precaution against ultimate mishap now served a very useful purpose. Enclosing a space 13 by 16 feet, the cases were quickly piled in. The walls were held together by strips of wood or the joints sealed with pasted paper, with the addition of a few long boards.

A really good roof was made by using the covers of the boxes as shingles. A blanket of turf over this confined the heat and permitted at the same time healthful circulation of air.

We slept under our own roof at the end of the first day, and our new house had the very great advantage of containing within its walls all our possessions, within easy reach at all times.

As the winter advanced with its stormy ferocity and frightful darkness, it was not necessary to venture out and dig up supplies from great depths of snowdrift. Meat and blubber were stored in large quantities about the camp.

But our expedition was in need of skins and furs. Furthermore, as men engaged for the northern venture would be away during the spring months, the best hunting season of the year, it was necessary to make provision for house needs later. There was, therefore, much work before us, for we had not only to prepare for equipment, but to provide for the families of the workers.

In the polar cycle of seasons there are peculiar conditions which apply to circumstances and movements. As the word seasons is ordinarily understood, there are but two, a winter season and a summer season—a winter season of nine months and a summer season of three months.

Days are Called "Sleep."

But for more convenient divisions of the yearly periods it is best to retain the usual cycle of four seasons. Eskimos call the winter ookiah, which also means year, and the summer onsah. Days are "sleeps." The months are moons and the periods are named in accordance with the movements of various creatures of the chase.

In early September, at Annootok, the sun dips considerably under the northern horizon. There is no night. At sunset and sunrise storm clouds hide the bursts of color which are the glory of twilight and the electric afterglow is generally lost in the dull gray which bespeaks the torment of the storms of the setting sun.

The gloom of the coming winter night now thickens. The splendor of the summer day has gone. A day of six months and a night of six months is often ascribed to the polar regions as a whole, but this is only true of a very small area about the pole.

As we came south the sun dips under the horizon for an ever-increasing part of each 24 hours. Preceding following the night, as we come from the pole, there is a period of day and night which lengthens with the descent of latitude.

It is this period which enables us to retain the names of the usual seasons—summer for the double days, fall for the period of the setting sun. This season begins when the sun first dips under the ice at midnight for a few moments.

The Long Arctic Night.

These moments increase rapidly. Yet one hardly appreciates that the sun is departing until day and night are of equal length, for the night remains light, though not cheerful. Then the day rapidly shortens and darkness and the sun sinks until at last there is but a mere glimmer of the glory of day.

Winter is limited to the long night and spring applies to the days of the rising sun, a period corresponding to the autumn days of the setting sun.

At Annootok the midnight sun is first seen over the sea horizon on April 23. It dips in the sea on August 19. It thus encircles the horizon, giving summer and continuous days for 118 days. It sets at midday on October 24, and is absent a period of prolonged night corresponding to the day, and rises on February 20.

Then follow the eye-opening days of spring. In the fall, when the harmonizing influence of the sun is withdrawn, there begins a battle of the elements, which continues its smoky agitation until stilled by the hopeless frost of early night.

At this time, though field work was painful, the needs of our venture forced us to persistent action in the chase of walrus, seal, narwhale and white whale. We harvested food and fuel.

Before winter ice spread over the hunting grounds, ptarmigan, hare and reindeer were sought to supply the table during the long night with delicacies, while bear and fox pleased the palates of the Eskimos, and their pelts clothed all.

Many long journeys were made to secure an important supply of grass to pad the boots and mittens, and also to secure moss, which serves as wick for the Eskimo lamp. The months of September and October were indeed important periods of anxious seeking for reserve supplies.

Aid From the Eskimos.

There was a complex activity suddenly stimulated along the Greenland coast which did not require general supervision. The Eskimos knew what was required without a word from us, and knew better than we did how to find the things worth while. An outline of the polar campaign was sent from village to village, with a few general instructions.

Each local group of natives was to fill an important duty and bring together the tremendous amount of material required for our house and sled equipment. Each Eskimo village has, as a rule, certain advantages.

In some places foxes and hares were abundant. Their skins were in great demand for coats and stockings, and Eskimos must not only gather the greatest number possible, but must prepare the skins and make them into properly fitting garments.

In other places reindeer was abundant. This skin was much in demand for sleeping bags, while the sinew was required for thread. In still other places seal was the luck of the chase and its skin was one of our most important beds. Of it boots were ordered and an immense outfit of line and lashings was prepared.

Thus, in one way or another, every woman and most of the children of this tribe of 250 people were kept busy in the service of the expedition. The work was well done and with much better knowledge of the fitness of things than could be done by any possible gathering of white men.

Use of the Narwhal.

The quest of the walrus and the narwhal came in our own immediate plan of adventure. The unicorn, or narwhal, does not often come under the eye of the white man, though one of the first animals to leave our shores.

It gave for a brief spell good results in sport and useful material. The blubber is the pride of every housekeeper, for it gives a long, hot flame to the lamp, with no smoke to spot the igloo finery. The skin is regarded as quite a delicacy. Cut into squares, it looks and tastes like scallops, with only a slight aroma of train oil.

The meat dries easily and is thus prized as an appetizer or as a lunch to be eaten en route in sled or kayak. In this shape it was an extremely useful thing for us, for it took the place of pemmican for our less urgent journeys.

The narwhal, which, apart form its usefulness, is most interesting to denizens of the Arctic deep, played in schools far off shore, usually along the edge of large ice. Its long ivory tusks rose under spouts of breath and spray.

With this glad sight was noted every kayak about camp was manned and the flitter of skin canoes went like birds over the water. Some of the Eskimos rose to the ice fields and delivered harpoons from a secure footing. Others hid behind floating fragments of heavy ice and made a sudden rush as the animals passed.

Still others came up in the rear, for the narwhal cannot easily see backward and does not often turn to watch its enemies, its speed being so fast that it can easily keep ahead of other troublesome creatures.

Hunting the Narwhal.

The harpoon is always delivered at close range. When the dragging float marked the end of the line in tow of the frightened creature the line of skin canoes followed. The narwhal is timid by nature. Fearing to rise for breath, he plunged along until nearly strangulated. When it did come up there were several Eskimos near with drawn lances which inflicted deep gashes.

Again the narwhal plunged deep down with but one breath, and hurried along as best it could. But its speed slackened and a line of crimson marked its hidden path. Loss of blood and want of air did not give it a chance to fight. Again it came up with a spout. Again the lances were hurled.

The battle continued for several hours, with many exciting adventures, but in the end the narwhal always succumbed, offering a prize of several thousand pounds of meat and blubber. Victory as a rule was not gained until the hunters were far from home, also far from the shore line. But the Eskimo is a courageous hunter and an intelligent seaman.

To the huge carcass frail kayaks were hitched in a long line. Towing is slow, wind and sea combining to make the task difficult and dangerous. One sees nothing of the narwhal and very little of the kayak, for dashing seas wash over the little craft, but the double blade paddles see-saw with the regularity of a pendulum.

Home-coming takes many hours and engenders a prodigious amount of hard work, but there is energy to spare, for a wealth of meat and fat is the culmination of all Eskimo ambition.

Seven of these ponderous animals were brought in during five days, making a heap of more than 40,000 pounds of food and fuel. Then the narwhal suddenly disappeared, and we saw no more of them. Three white whales were also obtained in a similar way at Etah at about the same time.

Storms now came up with such force and frequency that it was not safe to venture out in kyaks. A few walruses were captured from boats, then the sea hunting was confined to the quest of seal through the young ice. A similar quest was being followed at every village from Annootok to Cape York. But all sea activity would now soon be limited to a few open spaces near prominent headlands.

The scene of the real hunt changed from the sea to the land. We had as yet no caribou meat. The little auks gathered in nets during the summer, and eider duck, bagged later, disappeared fast when used as a steady diet. We must procure hare, ptarmigan and reindeer, for we had not yet learned to eat with a relish the fishy, liver-like substance which is characteristic of all marine mammals.

Guns and ammunition were distributed, and when the winds were easy enough to allow one to venture out every man sought the neighboring hills. Francke also took his exercise with a gun on his shoulder.

The combined results gave a long line of ptarmigan, two reindeer, 16 hares. As snow covered the upper slopes, the game was forced down near the sea, where we could still hope to hunt in the feeble light of the early part of the night.

No Anxiety for Winter.

With a larder fairly stocked and good prospects for other tasty meats, we were spared the usual anxiety of a winter without winter supplies, and Francke was just the man to use this game to good effect, for he had a way of preparing our primitive provisions that made our dinners seem quite equal to a Holland house spread. In the middle of October fox skins were prime, and then new steel traps were distributed and set near the many caches. By this time the Eskimos had all abandoned their sealskin tents and were snugly settled in their winter igloos. The ground was covered with snow and the sea was nearly frozen over everywhere.

Everybody was busy preparing for the coming cold and night. The temperature was about 20 degrees below zero. Severe storms were becoming less frequent, and the air, though colder, was less humid and less disagreeable. An ice fort was formed and the winter sledging was begun by short excursions to bait the fox traps and gather the foxes. All these pursuits, with the work of building and repairing sledges, making dog harness and shaping new winter clothing, kept up a lively interest while the great crust, which was to hold down the unruly deep for so many months thickened and closed. During the last days of brief sunshine the weather cleared and at noon of October 24, everybody sought the freedom of the open for a last glimpse of the dying day. There was a charm of color and glitter, but no one seemed quite happy as the sun sank under the southern ice, for it was not to rise again for 118 days.

Eskimos in Dolorous Rites.

The Eskimos took this as a signal to enter a trance of sadness in which the bereavement of each family and the discomfort of the year are enacted in dramatic chants or dances.

But to us the sunset of 1907 was inspiration for the final work in directing the shaping of the outfit with which to begin the conquest of the pole at sunrise of 1908. Most expeditions have had the advantage of the liberal hand of a government or of an ample private fund. We were denied both favors.

But we were not encumbered with a cargo of misfits devised by home dreamers, nor was the project handicapped by the usual army of novices, for white men at best must be regarded as amateurs compared with the expert efficiency of the Eskimo in his own environment. Our food supply contained only the prime factors of primitive nourishment. Special foods and laboratory concoctions did not fill an important space in our larder.

Nor had we balloons, automobiles, motor sleds or other freak devices. We did, however, have an abundance of best hickory, suitable metal and all the raw material for the sled and its accessories, which was henceforth to be linked with our destiny. The sled was evolved as the result of careful study of local environment and of the anticipated ice surface northward. We did not copy the McClintock sled, with its yard wide runners, which has been used by mose explorers for 50 years. Nor did we abandon the old-fashioned iron shoes for German silver strips.

What a Polar Sled Should Be.

The conditions which a polar sled must meet are too complex to outline here. In a broad sense it seemed that the best qualities of the best wood Yukon sled could be combined with the local fitness of the Eskimo craft, with tough hickory fibre and sealskin lashings, to make elastic joints. With plenty of native ingenuity to foresee and provide for the train of adaptability and endurance, the possibilities of our sled factory were very good.

For dog harness the Eskimo pattern was adopted, but canine economy is such that when rations are reduced to workable limits the leather straps disappear as food. To overcome this disaster the shoulder straps were made of folds of strong canvas, while the traces were cut from cotton log line.

(Continued Next Week.)

SAYS NONE CAN CLAIM POSSESSION OF POLE

Paris, Sept. 20.—The following interesting communication from Hereshoff Bartlett appears in the Paris edition of the New York Herald:

"Much has been said and much written regarding the title to the ownership of the North Pole. Both Commander Peary and Dr. Cook claim to have nailed the American flag there, and by right of discovery have secured possession of that much coveted goal on behalf of the United States; in fact, both promptly and officially notified their government to this effect.

"It appears from Commander Peary's own narration that the North Pole is the same as any other part of the frozen Arctic sea; that he found the sea unfathomable; that there is no land anywhere at the North Pole. Not only this, but the ice is in constant motion and the whole frozen surface is trending toward the east. The North Pole, therefore, is a point surrounded by water, the depth of which is unknown, but which is in a congealed state, and the question very naturally arises, by what right claim can be made to the 'high seas.'

"The discoverer may, perhaps, secure a footing on a floating iceberg, plant his nation's flag on its unsubmerged crest and by right of conquest claim it as his nation's right, but could not claim it legally against another equally vigorous and hardy mariner who sought the land.

"The high seas belong to no one nation; they are the right of all, and the law of nations prohibits them from unnecessary exclusiveness in the restless sea beyond a defined distance extending from each nation's land. The North Pole is nothing more or less than the high seas, frozen, it is true, but none the less a waste of unfathomable water, which by the law of nations is free and the property of no one country. It is not land, so neither is it territory. It is, in the language of Dr. Cook, 'an endless field of purple snow; no land, but a dead world of ice.'

"The old theory that a state could by appropriation secure predominant rights to parts of the high seas has now entirely disappeared. The rights of any nation are now restricted to the marginal belt, the extent of which has been regarded as extending three miles from the shore, but the supposed range of big guns or the increasing power of modern rifles might probably extend this distance. An illustration of this principle of the law of nations is found in the case of the Behring Sea controversy. There the United States asserted the right to prohibt seal catching in the waters of Behring Sea and seize and condemn vessels so fishing. But a question being submitted to arbitration, it was held that the United States had no jurisdiction over the whole body of water known as Behring Sea and could only protect the seals within the ordinary three mile limit of marginal waters.

"The title to ice is incident to the title to land, as the ownership of unharvested ice remains with the owner or lessee of the water on which it forms, and as the ice at the North Pole forms on the high seas, to which no one nation can lay exclusive claim, it follows that it is in fact, and in law, no man's land, because it is not land."

FIRES SWEEP TWENTY MILES

Able-Bodied Californians Drafted to Fight Flames.

San Diego, Cal., Sept. 17.—Reports from Forest Supervisor Marshall in the Escondido forest fire zone, were that 20 miles of territory had been burned over and that the flames were advancing. Seven hundred feet of the flume, supplying Escondido with water, is in grave danger, 100 feet already having been destroyed.

Under the law, Supervisor Marshall is drafting able bodied men in the Escondido district to fight the flames.

Already the forest fires, which began Wednesday, have cost one life and destroyed 100 head of cattle, besides burning over a large tract of mountain land.

COOK GIVES HEARTY PRAISE TO ACHIEVEMENTS OF PEARY

On Board the Oscar II., off Nantucket, Sept. 20, by United Wireless and Marconi Wireless Telegraph.

"To the Associated Press—My desire to get on American soil increases with every mile laid behind by the Oscar II. The vessel is doing her best record, although delayed occasionally, making 400 miles in the last 24 hours.

"Commander Peary's unfortunate accusations have disclosed another side of his character. The specific records of my journey are accessible to everyone who reads, and all can decide for themselves when Peary publishes a similar report.

"Frederick A. Cook."

Divine service on the Oscar II. was conducted yesterday by Pastor Bjork, of Duluth, Minn., and it was attended by a full congregation, including Dr. Cook and the ship's officers. A sermon was preached both in Danish and in English.

Captain Hempel's dinner last evening was a highly enjoyable function, everybody being decked with fancy caps of paper and grotesque or picturesque ornaments, and the greatest good humor prevailed. In toasting the captain, Dr. Cook said:

"There is a man aboard the Oscar II. who protects the lives of many. His guardian hand is felt everywhere, his watchful eye is always wakeful to our comfort and safety. I am sure that every man, woman and child will agree with me when I say that this voyage has been a dream, and will always be an important page in our diary of adventure. The passengers have arranged themselves in a family circle with brotherly and sisterly interest and the mental and social atmosphere has been superb. Captain Hempel is the radiating center from which our joys are illuminated."

Oscar II. Is Held Back.

The Oscar II. will not arrive at New York until Tuesday morning. This is at the urgent request of the reception committee which is to meet Dr. Cook. The steamer could have reached Sandy Hook Monday afternoon, but a message from the reception committee asking that the arrival be delayed, owing to the fact that it was impossible to change the committee's arrangements, was received this evening by wireless and the captain consented to comply with the request. The Oscar II. is therefore under decreased speed and will reach quarantine at about 7:30 Tuesday morning.

Dr. Cook appears to exercise great self restraint, but can hardly repress a natural annoyance at impeachments of his veracity, without proofs. He requested the Associated Press to make public the following:

"Commander Peary has as yet given to the world no proofs of his own case. My claim has been fully recognized by Denmark and by the King of Sweden, the President of the United States of America has wired me his confidence; my claim has been accepted by the International Bureau of Polar Research at Brussels; most of the geographical societies of Europe have sent me congratulations, which means faith and acceptance for the present, and almost every explorer of note has come forward with warm and friendly approval.

Hits Hard at Peary.

"A specific record of my journey is accessible to all, and every one who reads can decide for himself. When Peary publishes a similar report, then our cases are parallel. Why should Peary be allowed to make himself a self-appointed dictator of my affairs? In justice to himself, in justice to the world and to guard the honor of national prestige, he should be compelled to prove his own case; he should publish at once a preliminary narrative, to be compared with mine, and let fair-minded people ponder over the matter while the final records by which our case may eventuallly be proved are being prepared.

"I know Peary, the explorer. As such he is a hero in Arctic annals and deserves the credit of a long and hard record. To Peary, the explorer, I am still willing to tip my hat, but Peary's unfounded accusations have disclosed another side to his character, which will never be forgotten.

"When Peary wired that he had nailed the Stars and Stripes to the pole, I immediately sent congratulations. I then believed, as I do now, that his work over a new route far east of my line of travel was a new conquest of great importance, and, of course, that his position at the pole would supplement my work with valuable data. There is room enough and honor enough for two American flags at the pole."

MURPHY TELLS STORY OF MEETING DR. COOK

Sydney, C. B., Sept. 20.—New light was thrown on the controversy over the discovery of the north pole on the arrival of the steamer Ayrian from Battle Harbor, where the correspondents learned from two members of Commander Peary's expedition that Dr. Frederick A. Cook had met them at Etah and had mentioned nothing of discovering the pole.

When Harry Whitney, George Norton and Larned went to Etah on the Erik to bring provisions for Commander Peary, both Norton and Larned turned back and Whitney obtained permission from Commander Peary to remain at the Etah station. Commander Peary stationed John Murphy, boatswain of the Roosevelt, and William Pritchard, assistant cook of the Roosevelt, at Etah to guard the stores.

Murphy Tells His Story.

Murphy, telling of his experience at Etah, said to the newspapermen:

"Commander Peary told me to go ashore at Etah to guard the stores which I saw taken from the Roosevelt and the Erik. Pritchard was with me. Some time last spring a white man came into camp and Mr. Whitney told me that it was Dr. Cook. He did not stay long in camp and soon went away. Cook looked tired and worn out and said he was hungry. I had an argument with him, as he claimed that some of the stores that we were guarding belonged to him. He only had two Eskimos with him and as all his dogs were dead the doctor had to pull his own sledge.

Pritchard said these Eskimos told him that they had been "way, way north."

None of the Peary party at Battle Harbor would discuss what information has been learned from Harry Whitney, as Commander Peary had given orders that the Cook controversy must not be mentioned. It was commonly reported at Battle Harbor that Peary had some differences with Whitney, who decided that instead of returning to Sydney on the Roosevelt he would do some shooting in Greenland.

Peary Did Not Mention Success.

Friends of Dr. Cook here pointed out that when Commander Peary, on his return from the pole, sent for Professor McMillan, who had gone to establish a base of supplies at Cape Morris Jesup, he did not mention in his letter to the professor anything of his discovery of the pole. The message, which was made public by Professor McMillan at Battle Harbor, read:

"Steamer Roosevelt, April 28, 1909.

"My Dear McMillan: Arrived on board yesterday. Northern trip was entirely satisfactory. There is no need of Greenland depot. Captain came on board the 24th. Concentrate all your energies on tidal observations and line soundings north from Cape Morris Jesup. Use intended supplies for me for this purpose.

"Commander Peary."

Adherents of Commander Peary assert that the words in the message, "Northern trip entirely satisfactory," indicate clearly that the expedition had accomplished its purpose.

Professor McMillan said at Battle Harbor that he had seen Harry Whitney at Etah and that Whitney did not tell any one of Dr. Cook's reported discovery of the pole.

COOK TOLD HIS STORY TO PEARY'S CABIN BOY

Battle Harbor, Sept. 20.—One of the men on the steamer Roosevelt at least knew long ago that Dr. Frederick A. Cook had claimed to have reached the pole. He is William Pritchard, cabin boy and assistant cook on the Roosevelt, who remained at Annootok with Boatswain Murphy to guard the stores. Pritchard had not spoken to any one on board of Dr. Cook's achievement, but when confronted yesterday, just prior to the sailing of the Roosevelt from Battle Harbor, with a wireless message from midocean that Dr. Cook said Pritchard knew the whole story of his dash for the pole, the youth admitted that he had learned from Dr. Cook the details of the final march and that Dr. Cook had explained to him the route followed.

Whether Boatswain Murphy also was informed of Dr. Cook's success, Pritchard did not know, but unquestionably Harry Whitney, who was at the storehouse when Dr. Cook returned from his dash with the two Eskimos, is conversant with all the facts. Whitney did not disclose this interesting piece of news to Commander Peary and Pritchard kept it from Peary during the entire voyage of the Roosevelt to Battle Harbor.

Pritchard said that he was at the house at Annootok with Whitney and Cook, while Murphy was at Etah. He heard Dr. Cook describe to the New Haven sportsman how he went to the pole and remained there two days. He could not remember whether Dr. Cook said he remained there April 21 and April 22, or whether it was April 22 and 23. Dr. Cook used a map to illustrate the route followed.

Asked why he had not repeated this on board the Roosevelt, Pritchard said that Dr. Cook told him to say nothing about his having been at the pole until the Roosevelt reached civilization.

Followed by the cheers and shouts of half a hundred Labrador fishermen and given a farewell salute from the historical old cannon which stands near the Marconi station, the Peary Arctic steamer Roosevelt sailed Saturday morning for Sydney and New York, proudly flying the North Pole flag. This flag was made at Battle Harbor. The Roosevelt, now homeward bound, is scarred and blackened from contact with mountains of floating ice and boring through interminable floes.

Captain Bartlett intends to push his ship through the Gulf of St. Lawrence as fast as possible, and with few if any stops. The Roosevelt will coal at Sydney, remaining there for one day, and then will head direct for New York, in the hope of reaching that port in time to participate in the Hudson-Fulton parade.

BELGIAN SCIENTIST SPEAKS GOOD WORD FOR COOK

Dresden, Sept. 17.—Raoul Olivier, a member of the executive committee of the Belgian Antarctic expedition of 1897, who is now in Dresden, today expressed the opinion that Belgian scientists generally had full confidence in Dr. Frederick A. Cook, who, M. Olivier says, has won the esteem and admiration of the Belgian committee and the Belgian Antarctic expedition, of which he was a member, by his quiet and unassuming demeanor, his integrity and his determination. If obliged to judge between the narratives of Dr. Cook and Commander Peary, M. Olivier said he would place greater reliance on the former.

Continuing, M. Olivier said he was astonished at the similarity between the two stories. Dr. Cook's statement regarding the temperature at the pole was confirmed by previous observations; Peary's estimate was too low. M. Olivier said, frankly, that he disbelieved Peary's statement that he had traveled 25 miles a day, and he thinks the confession of the commander that he took only one man to the pole with him, because he wanted to have the honor of discovery all to himself, supplies a clue for his attacks on Dr. Cook. The 34 hours Peary spent at the pole, he said, were insufficient to take copious observations.

M. Olivier, who was plainly much incensed at Commander Peary, said it would require more than abuse of Dr. Cook to win credit for Peary's story in Europe.

HUMANITY SAVED!

WATER ENERGIZED! BATHROOMS FOR ALL!

In All The World NO INVENTION SO STRANGE Wipes Out Drudgery of Ages

Hear the Wonderful News! Allen's Patented Bath Apparatus!

AUTOMATIC
APPLICATOR
SIST

GOV. J.A. JOHNSON DEAD

Chief Executive of Minnesota Passes Away.

Rochester, Minn., Sept. 21.—Sympathy more than state wide goes out today to a small group of mourners in this little Minnesota town. The death of Governor John A. Johnson, which occurred at 3:24 o'clock this morning, at St. Mary's hospital, following an operation performed six days ago, has much of national interest.

Governor Johnson was continually growing in prominence as a national figure, and at the time of his death the attention of the nation was centered on the closing moments of his once promising career.

After battling against death with determined resistance for almost a week, Governor Johnson's life had a peaceful ending. Grouped about his bedside when the end came were Mrs. Johnson, Miss Sullivan, her personal friend; the attending physicians, and two nurses. The last thing Governor Johnson did before lapsing into unconsciousness, one and a half hours before his death, was to take his wife affectionately by the hand and weakly whisper:

"Well, Nora, I made a good fight, but I guess I've got to go."

Then as the last gleam of intelligence began to flicker, he pressed her hand gently to his cheek in a parting caress as he prepared to obey the Divine will.

The funeral arrangements have not yet been discussed with the grief-stricken widow, who is at the home of her friend, Miss Margaret Sullivan. Mrs. Johnson is reported to be bearing her sorrow with great fotitude.

It is presumed the body will be taken to St. Paul late today or early tomorrow, where it will lie in state in the capitol.

Governor Johnson had been operated on twice before by Dr. Mayo, first for the removal of ulcers from the stomach, and afterwards for an abscess of the bowels. Both were acute, prolonged cases, and the governor was in a serious condition each time. There had been obstructions of the bowels in each instance, and during the second operation the appendix was removed. After the second operation Governor Johnson enjoyed fairly good health, but had spells of indigestion, which later developed into serious attacks. These came on with increasing frequency during the last two years.

The last operation was described by a surgeon who watched it, as follows: "The operation lasted two hours and 10 minutes. The preliminary work disclosed a small deep-seated abscess pocket, which connected from the seat of the previous operation for the removal of the appendix to the small intestines. It required a difficult, serious and somewhat prolonged operation to remove this fistula. There were also unusually numerous and difficult adhesions of the smaller intestines to one another and to the abdomen."

JOHNSON, LIKE LINCOLN, A GROCERY STORE GRADUATE

Governor Johnson was born near St. Peter 48 years ago. His parents were natives of Sweden. His father, Gustav Johnson, and his mother, Caroline Hanson Haden, were both of peasant stock. Gustav Johnson was a blacksmith and for a number of years he conducted his business on a farm near St. Peter. It was on this farm that the future governor was born.

About the time of the Indian troubles in that neighborhood during the civil war, the Johnsons moved to the village of St. Peter, where the father re-established his shop, but he failed to prosper in town and finally died, leaving his family in poverty. John worked in stores and supported his mother and in the meantime formed the reading habit and managed to obtain a good education. Finally an opportunity was opened for him to become editor and part owner of the St. Peter Herald. His paper was popular and he was also in demand as a speaker at public meetings.

His first venture in politics resulted in a defeat for state senator in 1894, just after he had married Miss Elinore M. Preston, a teacher. In 1898 he was again nominated by the Democrats for the senate and was elected. Here he enhanced his reputation as a public speaker and a student of political questions, but made some enemies in his own party when he defended American soldiers in the Philippines and the conduct of the national administration.

But if he lost Democratic support, he gained more from the Republicans and when in 1904, he was nominated for governor by the Democratic convention, he was elected. Two years later he was re-elected overwhelmingly. When it was proposed to nominate him for a third time, the governor declared he would not be a candidate. But he was unanimously renominated and was again elected by a big majority.

Governor Johnson for the last few years was in demand as a speaker at political gatherings and Chautauqua assemblies.

Gov. Johnson burst suddenly upon the national horizon with Col. Henry Watterson as his forecrier in the summer of 1907. This was when the Democratic party was in sore straits to decide whether or not Bryan was the man for the coming national convention.

Col. Watterson immediately opined he knew the man. At first he would give no names, but contented himself with pointing out that his new leader lived neither in the despised east nor the neglected south, and was therefore geographically correct.

That set a national guessing match up among the Democrats—all save Bryan, who remained more silent on the topic than on any other that ever attracted his attention.

Col. Watterson was coaxed. He denied that he was a president-maker. Finally he gave in and pointed the interest of all boards of presidential strategy to the governor of Minnesota, who had been so good a governor and Democrat at the same time that re-elections came his way regularly, however the rest of the ticket went.

Gov. Johnson's presidential boom hardly lasted until the convention of 1908. The people who had backed Parker were detected by Bryan's friends in the act of throwing their support away from Bryan toward Johnson, and they would have none of that, so Col. Watterson himself was the man to raise the signal that "softpedalled" the Johnson boom and started all Democratic roads in a lead toward the lecturer of Lincoln, Neb.

NATIVE OF SWEDEN JOHNSON'S SUCCESSOR

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 21.—Adolph O. Eberhart, who, by the death of Governor Johnson, becomes the chief executive of the state, was born in Sweden 38 years ago, but came to Minnesota in 1881. He attended the public schools, and was afterward graduated from Gustavus Adolphus college at St Peter, as a minister of the gospel. Soon after graduation Mr. Eberhart abandoned church work and took up the study of law. He soon built up a large practice.

For many years Mr. Eberhart has been interested in politics and had worked hard for the success of the Republican party. He was, at one time, clerk of the United States circuit and district courts, and later was United States commissioner for the district of Minnesota. In 1903 and 1905 he was elected to the state senate. In 1906 he was elected lieutenant governor and was re-elected in 1908.

Mr. Eberhart's name originally was Olson. In Mankato, where he formerly lived, there were half a dozen or more Adolph Olsons, resulting in much confusion of identity. So, when the future state official was married he asked the court to permit him to take the name of his wife, a petition that was granted.

DIVORCE FOR ART'S SAKE

Anne Warner Leaves Husband Who Couldn't Sympathize.

St. Paul, Minn., Sept. 21.—Rather than give up her literary work, Mrs. Charles T. French, known as Anne Warner, left her husband. She was granted a divorce yesterday.

Anne Warner is the author of The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, and other stories.

Mrs. French left her home here last Tuesday for her villa at Braun Schwerg, Germany, and was represented at the hearing only by her attorney, who made no defense to the charges of desertion, upon which the action for divorce was based.

The mother of Mrs. French said today that the decree was merely a legal recognition of a condition which had existed for some years. She said Mr. French did not sympathize with his wife's devotion to literature.

TRIES OLD TRICK IN EUROPE

Standard Oil Company in Rate War With Germans.

Berlin, Sept. 15.—Two of the German branches of the Standard Oil company are at present engaged in a price war with the German wing of The Austro-Hungarian Petroleum company.

The retail price, where there is competition, has dropped from the equivalent of 4¼ cents a litre to 3¼ cents. Prices are unchanged where there is no Austrian competition. The Austrian company has thus far met all cuts.

The newspapers, commenting upon the situation, point out that there is sure to be a raise in prices when competition is at an end.

COL. HARVEY'S CHEST CRUSHED

Publisher Faces Long Period of Suffering.

New York, Sept. 20.—Col. George B. Harvey, president of Harper & Bros., publishers, was found to have suffered a triple fracture of the left shoulder bone when his automobile turned turtle and fell upon him near Barnegat, N. J., Saturday.

Col. Harvey was examined by X-rays at his home in Deal, N. J., yesterday. His chest was found to have been crushed, rendering it difficult for him to breathe. His physicians say there is no serious danger, but he has rather a long period of considerable suffering from his injuries.

BOXER HERO WEDS HIS NURSE

Man Honored by Many Countries Marries on Death Bed.

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—August Chamot, decorated by France with the Legion of Honor cross and thanked and rewarded substantially by half the governments of the civilized world for heroic service in Peking during the Boxer troubles, was married Thursday to Miss Elizabeth Dollar, who has nursed him through a number of illnesses during recent years.

The ceremony was performed by W. F. Magee, a Larkspur justice of the peace, while the once wealthy Frenchman lay on what is believed to be his deathbed.

To their few intimate acquaintances present he declared that he owed his life and all the happiness of his declining years to Miss Dollar.

JAP PRINCE HITS BULLSEYE

Justifies Reputation as Expert Marksman.

Monticello, N. Y., Sept. 21.—Prince Kuniyoshi Kuni, Japan's representative at the Hudson-Fulton celebration, had an opportunity here yesterday to justify his reputation as one of the best marksmen in the Japanese army. The prince spent the morning at target practice with the experts of the Monticello Gun club. Although using a rifle with which he was, to a great extent unfamiliar, he scored several difficult bullseyes.

VESUVIUS SCARES TOURISTS

Rome, Sept. 21.—The eruption of Vesuvius has increased during the last 12 hours. A party of American and English tourists that endeavored to reach the crater was driven back a considerable distance from the summit by a shower of boiling water.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Men -- Free

Send Name and Address Today —You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—without any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So, I have determined to send a copy of the prescription, free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope, to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men, and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor-failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence, so that any man, anywhere, who is weak and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what, I believe is the quickest-acting, restorative, upbuilding, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so, cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 3868 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid receipt, in a plain, ordinary envelope, free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

COOK LANDS IN U. S.

All New York Out to Honor Explorer.

New York, Sept. 21.—Amid the cheers of thousands who had gathered at the pier, Dr. Frederick A. Cook, discoverer of the North Pole, today set foot on his native land. Wife, relatives and friends were there to greet him and countless others who, although strangers to him, were admirers of his keen intellect and dauntless courage. Shipping of all nations did him honor on his return from his history-making journey.

The scene as Dr. Cook was welcomed to his family and friends was one long to be remembered. From 5 o'clock this morning the explorer intermittently paced the saloon deck of his steamer, placing his marine glasses to his eyes, and watching every tug or other vessel which approached the Oscar II., to see whether he could observe his wife on the deck of the craft. At one moment he thought he saw his wife on a small tug; he raised his hat and waved it. Then he dashed down to the waist of the ship, where a temporary companionway had been rigged to permit him to descend to the tug bearing his wife. This, however, was a false alarm, and the famous explorer returned to his lookout post on the upper deck.

Clasps Wife in Arms.

At last the right tug was dimly outlined through the mist, and Dr. Cook, springing to the companionway, was down the ladder before the tug was alongside. The sea was running at a good rate, and as the tug threw her line aboard the Oscar II., her beam crashed into the companionway and forced the explorer to beat a hasty retreat.

Matters were soon arranged and the doctor ran down once more, leaped across the intervening stretch of water to the tug, dashed up to the hurricane deck where his wife was waiting for him, waving the stars and stripes. The returned explorer folded her in his arms and held her without a single word passing between them.

While husband and wife greeted each other, absolute silence prevailed among the onlooking passengers. Then Dr. Cook broke the silence. "Where are the children?" he said. His wife did not reply, but led him to the children, a few steps away. He kissed his eldest daughter, then seized the younger one in his arms and raised her to his shoulder. At this the spectators broke out into cheers.

"Bravo, Cook;" "Welcome home;" "We're proud of you," rang out across the water. Then the words, "For he's a jolly good fellow," were sung in chorus by Dr. Cook's fellow passengers on the Oscar II. as the tug left the ship's side. The Oscar II. immediately weighed anchor and continued up the river to her dock, andDr. Cook was transferred to the Grand Republic, which was lying a quarter of a mile away. Cinematographs and cameras were turned on him from every point of vantage as he went on board and passed through a guard of honor of the Forty-seventh regiment to receive the greeting of the reception committee.

On board the Grand Republic Dr. Cook was greeted by the official reception committee and a wreath of roses was pleced about the explorer's neck. Standing on the upper deck of the steamer Dr. Cook addressed the committee and his friends as follows:

Tells of Danish Welcome.

"To a returning explorer there can be no greater pleasure than the appreciation of his own people. Your numbers and cheers make a demonstration that makes me very happy and should fire the pride of all the world. I would have preferred to return first to American shores, but this pleasure was denied me. Instead I came to Denmark and the result has come to you by wire.

"I was a stranger in a strange land, but the Danes with one voice rose up with enthusiasm and they have guaranteed to all other nations our conquest of the pole. You have come forward in numbers with a voice of appreciation still more forcible. I cannot only say that I accept this honor with a due appreciation of its importance. I heartily thank you."

The steamer Grand Republic, with Dr. Cook, his wife and children and members of the Arctic club on board, steamed up the North River Battery at the foot of West 130th street, where a brief stop was made.

The trip up the river was a triumphal one. The Grand Republic was greeted with the siren shrieks of hundreds of craft, small and large. Dr. Cook stood on the upper deck. The steamer, after reaching the foot of West 130th street, went up the North river as far as Spuyten Duyvil and then retraced its course to the battery, and proceeded up the East river to the foot of South Fifth street, in Brooklyn, where Dr. Cook was to land.

MANY SLAIN IN ANTI-JEW RIOT

London, Sept. 21.—A special dispatch received here from Kiev, Russia, says that anti-Jewish rioting broke out in that city today and that as a result 20 persons have been killed and several hundred injured, many of the latter fatally.

SLOT METER ROBBER KILLED

Flow of Gas Kills Man Out of Work for Weeks.

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 21.—Slashing open the meter of a quarter gas box in an empty cottage at 316 Arctic avenue with the supposed purpose of robbing the cash receptacle of its stock of 25 cent pieces, James McLaughlin was caught by the flow of gas which rushed out and was found dead in the basement of the house, after a neighbor had detected the smell of gas. The man had been dead several hours.

When found McLaughlin, who was a cement worker, clutched a hatchet in his hands and the police believe that the man, who had been out of work for several weeks, had made a last desperate attempt to obtain money by robbing

CALHOUN TRIAL PUT OFF

San Francisco, Sept. 21.—The trial of Patrick Calhoun, charged with having offered a bribe to a supervisor to procure an overhead trolley franchise for the United Railways, was continued yesterday to September 27 on account of the illness of Stanley Moore, of counsel for the defense.

RECEPTION FOR PEARY

Well Received by the Nova Scotians.

Sydney, N. S., Sept. 21.—Commander Robert E. Peary, after a successful quest of the North Pole, returned to Sydney today on board the steamer Roosevelt. The explorer's wife was the first to greet him, and as the Roosevelt, after an absence of over one year steamed into Sydney harbor under a brilliant sun and cloudless sky, the explorer and his ship were given a hearty welcome from the assembled shipping.

At an early hour this morning, when the Roosevelt was still edging her way along the Cape Breton coast the steam yacht Sheelah, owned by James Ross, president of the Dominion Coal company put to sea carrying Mrs. Peary, her daughter, Miss Marie Peary, little Robert E. Peary, Jr., and a party of friends, all eager to meet the returning explorer. Among those on board were Colonel Borup, father of George Borup, a member of the Peary expedition; George Kennan, the author, and John Kehl, the United States consul at Sydney.

The meeting between Commander Peary and his wife took place some 10 miles north of Low Point, the entrance to the harbor. The Sheelah run alongside the Roosevelt and Mrs. Peary called a greeting to her husband from her position at the yacht's rail, while the members of the welcoming party and the crews of both vessels cheered lustily. Miss Peary and little Robert were overjoyed at seeing their father, and threw him kisses and waved their hands as the Sheelah came alongside.

As the vessels came together a sailor on the yacht hailed the Arctic ship. In reply Commander Peary came to the rail, and was greatly surprised when he perceived his wife and children waving their greetings. In reply the explorer waved his slouch hat and called to them to come on board. A few words of welcome were exchanged, while the boat was being lowered. Mrs. Peary, Miss Peary and the little boy, accompanied by Colonel Borup, then went over the side of the Sheelah, took their places in a small boat, and were rowed over to the Roosevelt. In the meantime Commander Peary had retired to the cabin. Mrs. Peary and the children were assisted up the side of the Roosevelt, and made their way across the deck to greet the husband and father, in private. The Sheelah then put on full steam and returned to Sydney, while the Roosevelt came along at slower speed.

Commander Peary had decorated his ship for the occasion and in addition to the flags of the United States and the Dominion of Canada, the Roosevelt flew the burgee of the New York Yacht club and the flag of the Peary Arctic club.

Meanwhile the news that the Roosevelt was only 20 miles away spread quickly and groups of people gathered at the waterfront to take part in the welcome. The day was perfect and the harbor presented a beautiful spectacle as all manner of watercraft, yachts, sailboats and motor boats, displaying their colors, made their way down the bay to escort the Roosevelt to her dock. The tug C. M. Winch conveyed the official welcoming party down the bay. This party includes the mayor of Sydney, Wallace Richardson, the heads of the various city departments, and other prominent officials.

As the morning advanced business in Sydney came to an end. Stores were closed, the hotels were emptied of their guests, as the crowds on the waterfront augmented rapidly in number.

Commander Peary's trip up Sydney harbor was one continual ovation. When the Roosevelt turned the point off the city the whistles of the steel works, all the steam vessels in port and the colliers united in one immense and sustained volume of sound, and the crowds that filled the Esplanade and wharves cheered continuously as the Arctic steamer swept slowly along. A fleet of tugs accompanied the Roosevelt up the bay, and scores of carriages that had gone down to the point were driven hastily back to town and discharged their occupants, who hurried to the water front.

United States Consul Kehl boarded the Roosevelt down the bay and welcomed Commander Peary on behalf of the American government and the American residents of Sydney. There were no important officials of the dominion government present to greet the explorer.

When asked if he had any comment to make on the statement of William Pritchard, the cabin boy on board the Roosevelt, that Dr. Cook had told him that he had reached the North Pole, Commander Peary replied:

"I have nothing to say on that subject at this time."

"What about the story that the two Eskimos who went north with Cook admitted to you that they were never out of sight of land?" Commander Peary was asked.

"In my first message," Peary replied. "I stated that the two Eskimos who went with Cook declared that he was never out of sight of land, and this I reaffirm and stand by."

The Roosevelt spent yesterday at St. Paul's island, and James Campbell superintendent of the Canadian government station there, entertained Captain Robert Bartlett and Professor McMillan, of the Peary expedition, at his residence on shore. As soon as his guests were in his house Mr. Campbell turned to them and said:

"Now, gentleman, this island is yours. What is the first thing you want?"

Without a moment's hesitation and in unison Captain Bartlett and Professor McMillan replied:

"A glass of real milk."

The Roosevelt came direct to the ferry wharf, where 2,000 school children had been assembled. Each carried an American flag and the emblems were waved in unison the moment the explorer stepped ashore. A delegation of 10 school girls dressed in white then went forward, and while commander Peary stood at attention before them Miss Naomi Kehl, daughter of the American consul, recited a short address of welcome and presented the commander a beautiful bouquet of flowers.

The party then entered carriages and were driven to their hotel. The police had to clear a way for them through the crowd of 10,000 people that filled the square. At the hotel Commander Peary was welcomed by the city aldermen.

HURRICANE IN SOUTH

Gulf Cities Have Night of Terror.

Louisville, Ky., Sept. 21.—The hurricane which late yesterday whipped its way through the gulf of Mexico northward, doing great damage and causing some loss of life, was central at 7 o'clock this morning at Corinth, Mississippi, and rapidly spreading toward the Ohio valley and the Great Lakes.

GALE SWEEPS THE TIDE INTO MOBILE STREETS

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 21.—After a night of terror, during which the West Indian hurricane swept the city with unexampled fury, and the water covered the docks and backed up in the city streets, the frenzy of the storm subsided today. The government ordered down the hurricane warnings at 7 a. m., and the waters, which had reached Water street, began to recede. While many houses have been unroofed, no loss of life has been reported here. The property loss in the city probably will not exceed $20,000, including shipping in the bay.

While the storm lasted it was a veritable fury The wind swept the city at times at 60 miles an hour Most of the time it came directly from the bay, and carried the tide into the city streets, until a stream two feet deep marked what was once Water street. The barometer fell to 29.72.

Great Havoc on Coast.

At midnight a special train on the Mobile & Bayshore arrived with refugees from the South Shore colony. They reported great havoc on the outlying coast.

The Western Union at 9 a. m. had but one wire in to the city. All efforts to get New Orleans by telegraph, telephone or wireless were futile. The last information from the Crescent City was an Associated Press message, by way of Hattiesburg, saying great damage had been done to the city, but that only four lives had been lost.

The railroads have annulled all trains between here and New Orleans, and several trains are tide up somowhere between the two cities. The tracks of most of the roads to New Orelans from here are under several feet of water. The Mississippi river is at flood stage and most of the river towns in the lower delta suffered damage.

At Pascagoula, Miss., the waves swept away every wharf, bathhouse and pavilion, and many cottages. Many launches, power boats and yachts were destroyed or damaged. No lives are known to have been lost.

TRAINS WITH HUMAN FREIGHT IN DANGER

Atlanta, Ga., Sept. 21.—Although first reports this morning indicated that the gulf coast hurricane had abated, meagre details later told of its increasing intensity with the dawn.

During the night partial communication was restored, but at 5 o'clock this morning the last wire went down. At that time the Western Union operator at Flomaton, a town 61 miles from Mobile, said the hurricane had again begun its work of devastation.

Communication with New Orleans failed earlier. The last report, at 1 a. m., told of four deaths and an immense property damage.

Between Mobile and New Orleans several passenger trains are waterbound, and with the waters rapidly rising the trains, with their human freight, are in danger.

For many miles inland the force of the hurricane was felt, and there, too, communication is cut off, Vicksburg Natchez and Jackson, Miss., all suffering more or less damage.

COOK WRITES MESSAGE TO AMERICAN PEOPLE

New York, Sept. 21.—Before leaving the steamship this morning, Dr. Cook wrote the following message to the American people:

"On Board the Oscar II—After one of the most delightful trips of my life across the Atlantic I am, indeed, glad, once more, to see the shores of my native land. I have come from the pole. I have brought my story and my data with me. The public has already a tangible and specific record of that trip. In a very short time the narrative, with all the observations, will be published and placed before the world for examination. It is as easy for you as for me to understand why I cannot, on the impulse of the moment, reel off a manuscript which covers the work of two years.

"As said upon several occasions, all the charges, accusations and expressions of disbelief are based upon entire ignorance of the supplementary data which I possess. None who has spoken or written on the subject in opposition to my claim knows of the facts with which such work of exploration is measured. All of the criticisms have been based upon obvious errors in the reproductions of my first dispatch or upon the discussions of petty side issues presented by unfair criticism.

"The expedition was private. It was started out without the usual public bombast. Mr. John R. Bradley furnished the money and I shaped the destiny of the venture. For the time being it concerned us only, but the results were so important that on returning I at once placed before the public a report containing the main outline of the work. I have not come home to enter into arguments with one man or with 50 men, but I am here to present a clear record of a piece of work over which I have a right to display a certain amount of pride. When scientists study the detailed observations and the narrative in its consecutive order, I am certain that in the due course of events all will be compelled to admit the truth of my statement.

"I am perfectly willing to abide by the final verdict of this record by competent judges. That must be the last word in the discussion and that alone can satisfy me and the public.

"Furthemore, not only will my report be before you in black and white, but I will also bring to America human witnesses to prove that I have been to the pole.

"Frederick A. Cook."

FARMERS NEED MONEY

Draw Heavily on the Eastern Reserves.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

New York, Sept. 20.—News developments in the financnal district have been unusually suggestive and important, says Henry Clews' Weekly Financial Review. They intimately concern the readjustment of financial relationships and point with particular emphasis to the strengthening of the community of interest principle in the railroad and banking world, thus promising a more complete and a more legitimate and lasting arrangement than has heretofore existed.

This is a direct result of the passing of Mr. Harriman and is in no sense a criticism of that noted financier or of his work. As the world progresses, men arise from obscurity; they do work for which they are eminently fitted and which is seemingly bound up with them as a life work that others cannot do well. Mr. Harriman was such a man—a man of the hour. Railroad transportation interests of this country require a leader for upbuilding and reconstruction on practical transportation and financial lines. Mr. Harriman accomplished more than should have been expected from a single embodiment of mind and muscle. He left many plans for further expansion incomplete, but had he lived to the century mark, with his great energy, perception and self-reliance unimpaired, there still would have been plans incomplete.

The strength of the money situation will not be surprising to the readers of these advices. The agricultural sections are now actively calling on their eastern correspondents for funds to finance the great agricultural products and are severely depleting the bank reserves at this center; but it is still fair to assume that a large portion of this money will be released before mercantile channels require its more extended use. On the other hand, our large banking interests and some of the most powerful operators have again been borrowing in London and on the continent; and the advance in money rental rates that took place last week has materially increased our foreign indebtedness. Cable advices from all the prominent financial centers of Europe indicate a world-wide awakening to the real money situation, and best information suggests that the days of superabundance in the money supply have definitely ended for this season. The money situation, therefore, suggests prudence and discrimination. Remunerative interest rates for the banks are not necessarily a handicap to an upward movement of important dimensions, especially if such rates are the result of improved conditions in trade and industry. Aside from the iron and steel industry, there is, however, slight indication of any general trade recuperation. But in the particular instance in question the improvement is taking on almost unbridled activity and may well be permitted to counteract deficiencies in other directions. The Steel corporation is at the present time credited with operating virtually its entire capacity. The independent companies are participating in the general activity, and the steel situation as a whole may, from the stock market viewpoint, be considered in connection with the influence of Steel securities as makers of general security values. The impression is becoming general that at their quarterly dividend meeting in October the directors of the Steel corporation will restore the common stock to a 4 per cent basis, and there can be no question that the strength of the market during the week, manipulated though it unquestionably hase been, has predisposed the rank and file of Wall street operators to optimism. This means a popular disposition to exaggerate the influences that permit a favorable interpretation and to ignore as far as possible those of a different trend. Cautionary signals are at the moment unpopular but none the less necessary. When powerful market leaders who themselves own the great bulk of floating securities decide to put prices up with a view of distributing these securities during the excitement attending the manipulated advances, the market becomes one for the nimble trader. The most conservative descriptiion of the situation at the moment is that prices are unquestionably high—but they may go higher as the result of the new situation of control that has already beeu outlined. Meanwhile there can be no question that the higher money range will encourage the release of money tied up in low income-yielding investments, and long-range investments should therefore be undertaken at the present time with extreme caution and discrimination. For the quick in-and-out trader the market is a favorable one.

TAFT TO FIGHT BEEF TRUST?

Brother of President Building Packing Plant in Texas.

Cincinnati, Sept. 21.—With a dispatch from the town of Taft, Tex., as its foundation, a story is circulated here that Charles P. Taft, multi-millionaire brother of the President, is going into the packing business on a gigantic scale on his immense estates in Texas.

Contracts with the government calling for between 300 and 400 beef cattle a day to be delivered at the Panama canal is the Texas version of Charley Taft's luck. They won't talk much on the big Taft ranch, it is said, about their plans for feeding Panama canal employes, but they are rushing work night and day on a $500,000 packing house.

When completed, the owner will be in a position to throw down the gauntlet of defiance to the present beef trust.

TAFT'S RELIGION BARS HIM

Baptists Will Not Invite Him to Speak.

Norfolk, Va., Sept. 21.—Division on the question of a united invitation to President Taft to address the Virginia Baptist association in Portsmouth, November 19, on "Missions," because of the President's Unitarian principles, will result in no address before that body by the President.

Individuals had written to Washington on the subject of having the President address the Baptists when he comes to the Inland Waterways convention here in November, but the extension of a formal and united invitation having met with opposition in the Baptists pastors' conference, the opinion was expressed that there could not be a united invitation, and the President, this lacking, will not be asked to make an address.

WEDS DOCTOR WHO SAVED HER

Millionaire Colorado Girl Forsakes Foreigner.

Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 16.—Miss Marjorie Palmer, millionaire daughter of the late General William J. Palmer, was married to Dr. Henry C. Watts, who restored her health after hope for her recovery had been abandoned.

More than a year ago it was announced Miss Palmer was to wed Captain Arthur Wellesley, of the British army, and she went abroad for the ceremony.

The engagement was broken, however, a month before the wedding date on account of the prospective bride's health.

SACRED SONG WRITER DIES

East Liverpool, Sept. 20.—W. L. Thompson, 62, well known sacred song writer, died in the Presbyterian hospital at New York this morning. He became famous as a music composer and had been at the head of the Thompson Music Publishing Co., of this city, for many years.

Mr. Thompson was on his return from a European trip when he became ill on the vessel and was taken to a hospital when the ship docked. He was a member of one of the most prominent families in Eastern Ohio.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 21.—Higher cables, mainly, were responsible for turning the tide of sentiment in favor of the buying side, and prices were sharply higher at the outset. The upward tendency was apparent during the early portion of the session. Liverpool was strengthened by scanty offerings of American wheat and good milling demand. In the northwest, rains are expected to curtail receipts. Car lot arrivals at Minneapolis and Duluth were liberal but not as heavy as a year ago. Excepting Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma, where fair and cool weather is predicted, the entire country is expected to get rains tomorrow. Drought was partly relieved in portions of Northwestern Ohio yesterday, but more rain is needed for successful fall plowing. What wheat was planted will be benefited by even light showers. Toledo cash opened ⅜c higher at $1.12⅜, September ½c advanced at $1.12¾, December ⅝c up at $1.18⅛ and May ⅞c higher at $1.14¼.

Cash wheat was in fair demand and offerings were light, especially of red winter. Southwest receipts were scarcely half of last year's on the same day. Rain and cold weather have been predicted for the northwest. The increase in the visible supply was not quite as heavy as a year ago. A private cable says the Argentine acreage is about the same as last year's. Toledo cash and September closed 1¾c up at $1.14. December 1¾c higher at $1.14¼, and May 1⅝c up at $1.18⅛. Liverpool closed 1d to 1½d higher.

Ideal weather conditions have continued to weaken corn. September opened ½c lower at 71¼c, December unchanged at 61½c and May ½c lower at 63¼c.

Deliveries of old corn and prospects of a new movement of shelled corn by October 15 governed the situation and kept the market soft. The closes: Cash and September 71½c; December 61½c; May 63⅝c.

Oats openings were irregular, September starting ½c off at 40⅝c, December ¾c down at 41½c and May ½c advanced at 44¾c.

Closing oats prices: Cash and September 41¼c; December 41⅞c; May 44¼c.

Becoming convinced that clover seed is scarce this year, bulls have begun to show more confidence every day. Receipts continue light, especially compared with last year's liberal movement. Cash opened 10c higher at $3.55. The other options were also 10c advanced, October opening at $3.85, December and March at $8.30.

Cash closed 25c up at $8.70; October 17½c up at $8.92½; December and March 17½c higher at $8.87½. The closes were the high marks of the year. Receipts today were 263 against 1,550 bags a year ago.

TOLEDO.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Sept. 21	Close Sept. 20
Cash	....	....	....	1.14	1.12¾
Sept	1.12⅝	....	....	1.14	1.12¾
Dec	1.13¾	....	....	1.14½	1.12⅝
May	1.14¼	....	....	1.15½	1.13⅞
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	71¾	72
Sept	71½	....	....	71¾	72
Dec	61½	....	....	61⅞	61½
May	63¼	....	....	63⅝	63¼
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	41¼	41
Sept	40⅝	....	....	41¼	41
Dec	41½	....	....	41⅞	41¾
May	44¾	....	....	44½	44¼
Clover Seed—					
Cash	8.55	....	....	8.70	8.45
Oct	8.35	....	....	8.92½	8.75
Dec	8.50	....	....	8.87½	8.70
March	8.50	....	....	8.87½	8.70
No. 2 (old)	....	....	....	8.45	....
No. 3 (old	....	....	....	8.00	....
Rejected	....	....	....	7.80	....
N. E. G.	....	....	....	7.00	....
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	71¼	71¾
No. 3	....	....	....	68½	68½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	1.85	1.85
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	8.00	8.00
Oct.	....	....	....	8.10	8.05

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.03⅛	1.06⅛	....	1.05¾	1.02⅝
Dec	98⅝	1.00	98¼	99⅞	98
May	1.02	....	....	1.03⅛	1.01⅝
Corn—					
Sept	68	....	67⅝	67½	68
Dec	60¼	60⅝	60¼	60⅝	60¼
May	62¼	62⅝	62¼	62⅝	62¼
Oats—					
Sept	39⅝	39⅞	....	39⅝	39⅝
Dec	39½	39½	39	39⅜	39½
May	41¾	42⅜	....	42¾	41¾

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.11¾	....	....	1.11½	1.10⅝
Dec	1.06⅝	....	....	1.08¼	1.06⅝
Corn—					
Sept	76	....	....	76	76
Dec	71⅝	....	....	71⅝	71⅝

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	1.04⅞	....	....	1.05⅝	1.04
Dec	1.00⅝	....	....	1.02½	1.00⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	97½	96¼
Dec	....	....	....	97⅝	96⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept	....	....	....	....	98
Dec	....	....	....	....	96½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Jan	18.05	18.17	....	18.17	18.07
May	18.00	....	....	18.00	17.90
Sept	24.10	....	....	24.10	23.95
Lard—					
Oct	12.07	....	....	12.10	12.05
Jan	10.72	....	....	10.72	10.70
Ribs—					
Oct	11.65	....	....	11.65	11.65
Jan	9.55	9.62	....	9.57	9.55
May	9.57	....	....	9.55	9.52

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 21.—(By Live Stock Journal.)—Cattle—300 head, market steady. Hogs—1,000, market heavier; prime $8.55@8.60; mediums $8.40@8.50; yorkers $8.30@8.40; lights $7.90@8.15; pigs $7.20@7.50. Sheep—500, mostly lambs, market steady. Sheep $5 down; lambs $7.25 down. Calves—200; natives $9.25 down, westerns $9.00 down.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 21.—(By Bower & Bower.)—Hog receipts 20 cars, steady; mediums and yorkers $8.40@8.45; pigs $7.70@8.00. Calves $9.00. Lambs $7.25.

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 21—(Wall Street)—The stock market started irregular today, gains and losses being divided on active dealings. National Biscuit was advanced 1¾ and Southern Pacific. Wabash preferred, Great Northern preferred, International Harvester and North American large fractions. Louisville & Nashville declined 1¾, Vulcan Detenning 1 and Union Pacific and Pennsylvania large fractions.

The dealings took on a strong tone when Reading shot upward in a striking manner. Large blocks of the stock were absorbed, carrying it up 2¼, 173⅛, and record level. St. Paul, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific were also heavily bought at intervals. Central Railroad of New Jersey advanced 3, Grande Mining 2½, Wabash preferred 2, Southern Pacific 1¼ and National Lead and United States Rubber. Prices ran off sharply afterwards when the profit taking began. Vulcan Detenning broke 4 points below yesterday's closing, Pittsburg, C. C. & St. Louis 2¾ and